

1118

MID-WEEK

Pictorial

THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

TEN
CENTS

November 18, 1936
Vol. XLIV No. 14



The Strip Tease Goes High Hat
The Fantastic Wendel Case
Prosperity Skids Around the Corner

Scatter-brained!

*No wonder he never accomplishes
anything worthwhile!*

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas.
He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly
—but DOES nothing about ANY of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is SCATTER-BRAINED.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his POSSIBILITIES!

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to USE his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for ONE-TENTH of what we possess because that is all we USE. We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only TEN horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, UNUSED FOR SO LONG, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually DO possess them, but they are ALMOST ATROPHIED, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, USE.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

Was that fine ambition unattainable? OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU? Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU.

What WAS the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You CAN develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 750,000 Pelmanists, MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM, will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocated Pelmanism are:

The late Hon. T. P. O'Connor,
"Father of the House of Commons."

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder
of the Juvenile Court, Denver.
General Sir Robert Baden-
Powell, Founder of the Boy
Scout Movement.

Edgar Wallace, Well-known
Author and Playwright.

Frank P. Walsh, Former Chair-
man of National War Labor
Board.

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Di-
rector of Military Operations,
Imperial General Staff.

Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B.,
G.C.V.O.



Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.

Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not DREAM they possessed.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE. Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who NEED this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their HEADS they will realize that people cannot be HELPED by tommyrot and that there MUST be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life—if you have a spark of INDEPENDENCE left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of YOUR success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vacillating, day dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you FIND YOURSELF. Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF is strong.

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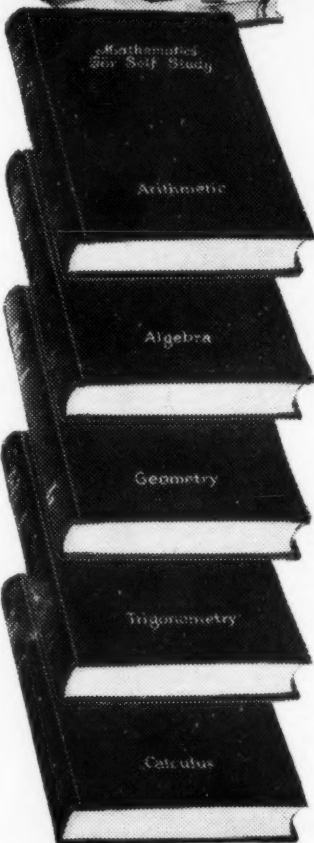
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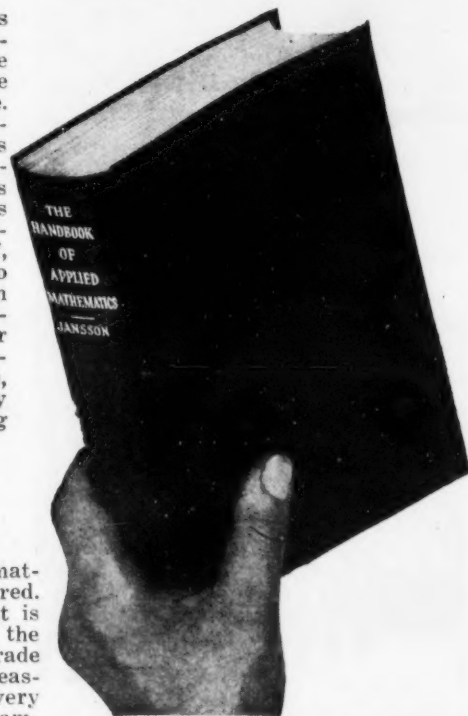
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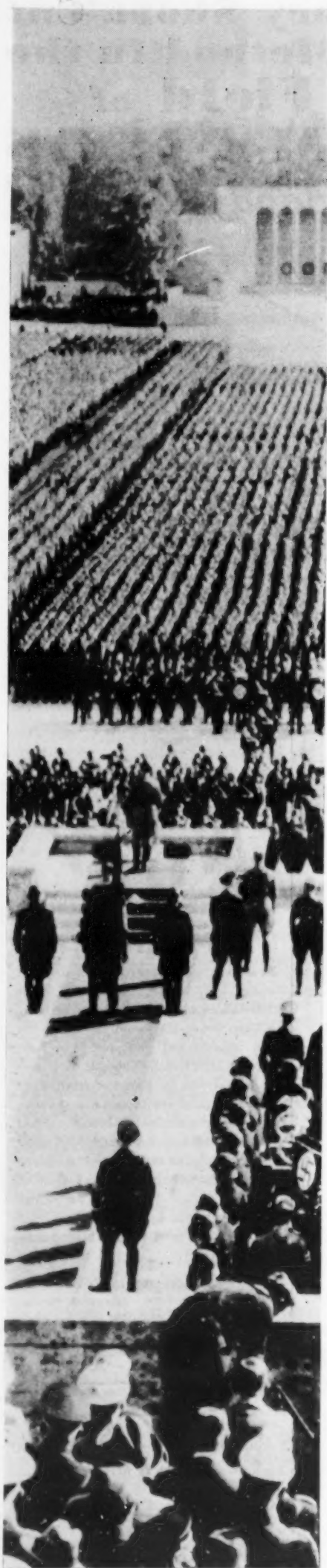
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MID-WEEK Pictorial

THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Cross Currents



Wide World

The Fears of the World are stirred whenever Adolf Hitler reviews his new German army.

ST. MAIXENT was miles behind the front, even miles behind Paris. It was the American air service replacement base. Except for the excitement of a chance to go to the front, the war here was as quiet and undangerous as an army post in our own west. Yet the news of November 11, 1918, electrified the camp and swept its personnel like one man into the tiny village, where American soldiers and French civilians found themselves in each other's arms, dancing for joy, weeping for relief. The war was over. Their lives and the lives of their loved ones were spared. Home and happiness were a few months away.

The civilian world closed its shops—from Brussels, London and New York to the remotest prairie village. People behaved like hysterical children. The world celebrated the return to sanity.

What did the Armistice mean to the men in the trenches? At the front, the day dawned gray and wet. Artillery filled the dripping air with death. Suddenly, at 11 o'clock, a sound came to that inferno called the Western Front that had not been heard for four long years. It was miraculous, ear-splitting silence. All guns were quiet. The earth shook no more. Death was suddenly buried with its horrible harvest.

Of this time, Ford Madox Ford said, "A man could stand up—and live to tell it." Yes, but was there any use to stand up and tell it? One minute, they were killers and victims of the kill. The next, they were freed both of the need to kill or be killed. But they were numbed by four years of killing and living in fear of being killed. These, who should have exulted most, had no zest for exultation. Life had taken from them its most precious gift, the will to live.

Life did return, was reborn, because life has a way of overcoming inertia. But to what purpose? Though they were too close to it to comprehend, a vista of peace did stretch out before millions who had forgotten there was peace in the world. Work, home, children, became meaningless dreams. Woodrow Wilson gave voice to their aspirations. He gave a world hungry for hope, a creed that brought light into the nightmare of war:

"... open covenants, openly arrived at ... freedom of the seas in peace and war ... removal of economic barriers between nations ... reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety ... impartial adjustment of colonial claims ... evacuation of Russia ... restoration of Belgium ... of France ... forma-

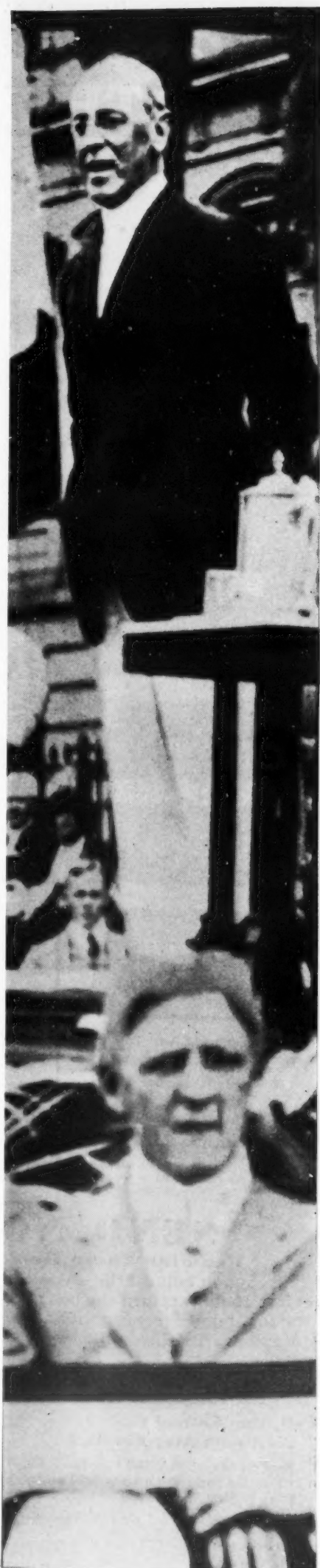
tion of a general association of nations ... some of the noblest concepts man had ever formed in this world ... concepts that would provide a basis for the peace and hope the armies of the world had fought and died for.

But we began hearing dissenting voices in Paris almost at once. Americans became first objects of suspicion, then of open resentment. What had we done but come in after the flower of France was spent, holding the enemy from our doors a mere 3,000 miles across the Atlantic? What cheek to try to dictate the terms of the peace! The voice of France was not lost on Clemenceau—or did he create it, in his realistic craft? Its implications were not lost on Lloyd George. And when those two gentlemen and their collaborators were through, the first victim of secret covenants, secretly arrived at, was the messiah-like figure of Wilson. Greed and hatred and suspicion ruled at the council table in Versailles, and of his fourteen points, Wilson had to be satisfied with a poorly mutilated League of Nations, and other makeshifts that suited the plans of Allied diplomacy.

The vengeance of the peace is felt eighteen years later. The Central Powers ceased to pay reparations. The Allied Powers suspended their war debts to this country. Obstacles set up to cripple the internal economy of the vanquished became boomerangs that struck the Allied Powers when they rediscovered the interdependence of Europe. Soldiers returned untrained to find work scarce and a specter of hunger in place of the specter of war. A mild depression three years after the war was followed by a world-shaking depression out of which we are just emerging.

An amazingly resilient world weighs all this and goes about the daily task of making a living. Putting the specter behind, ordinary people go to their shops and farms and offices, do their allotted tasks, and put aside the little mite left for security. The hum and buzz of commerce is abroad again, and nowhere so strongly as in these United States.

As the world comes out of the second depression since that fateful day of November 11, 1918, it seeks a miracle to stop the march of feet that is carrying it on to the next holocaust. All the prayers of all the people in all the world in silent tribute to the 34,000,000 dead of the first World War must be heard, it seems, and the world's faith that "these dead shall not have died in vain" must be answered. The cruelty of another World War is beyond the power of the world to endure.



Wide World

The Hopes of the World were wrapped up in the messiah-like figure of Woodrow Wilson in 1918

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MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly

MID-WEEK
Pictorial
THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

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November 18, 1936

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Your dictionary tells you what words mean and how to spell them, but it gives you little help on the constant problem of how to use and arrange words correctly and most effectively—that is not its purpose. Only if you have an adequate grammar alongside your dictionary can you make sure that you are correct.

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By MASON LONG

Professor of English Literature,
Pennsylvania State College

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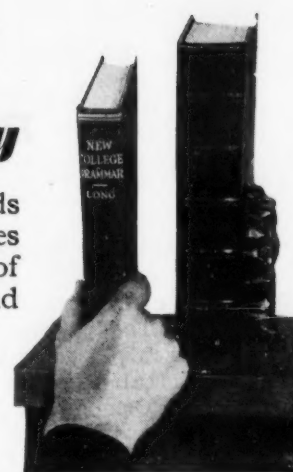
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List of nouns of foreign origin that retain their foreign plurals: *analysis, analyses; criterion, criteria; madam, mesdames.*

Special plural forms such as *mothers-in-law, forget-me-nots, Notaries Public.*

Correct use of pronouns: *I or me, he or him, they or them, who or whom.*

Usages requiring special attention: *one, none, each.*

When to choose *who, which, or that.*

Troublesome adjectives such as *oldest, eldest; last, latest, less, fewer.*

Good, better, best; righteous, more righteous, most righteous—adjectives whose comparatives and superlatives are irregular in form.

Lists of regular and irregular verbs.

When to use *shall* and when *will. Should, would. Lie, lay, lain, laid; swim, swam, swum.*

Expressing a supposition: "If this were true."

Verbs presenting special problems: *bid and forbid, behave, beware, can, dare, teach.*

How to recognize dangling participles, as in: "Trying to get into the boat, it upset."

The split infinitive.

List giving correct preposition to use in accordance with thought to be expressed: *agree in, agree on, agree to, agree with; indignant at, indignant with.*

Either . . . or; not only . . . but also; whether . . . or; special points to keep in mind when employing alternative conjunctions.

Common errors and how to avoid them; illustrations.

Examples of the various kinds of subordinate clauses, with explanations; the key to effective English.

Simple rules to guide you when you are in doubt about punctuation.

How to fit sentences together and maintain variety. Making sentences balance.

Helpful rules for spelling. Relationship of spelling to grammar. *Anybody, any one, businesslike, nonconductor, non-Puritan, hand-to-hand, praiseworthy, all right, brand new.*

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In the Cockpit of Europe

Russian transports are joyously greeted by Catalan loyalists
While Spain struggles with Fascism and Democracy

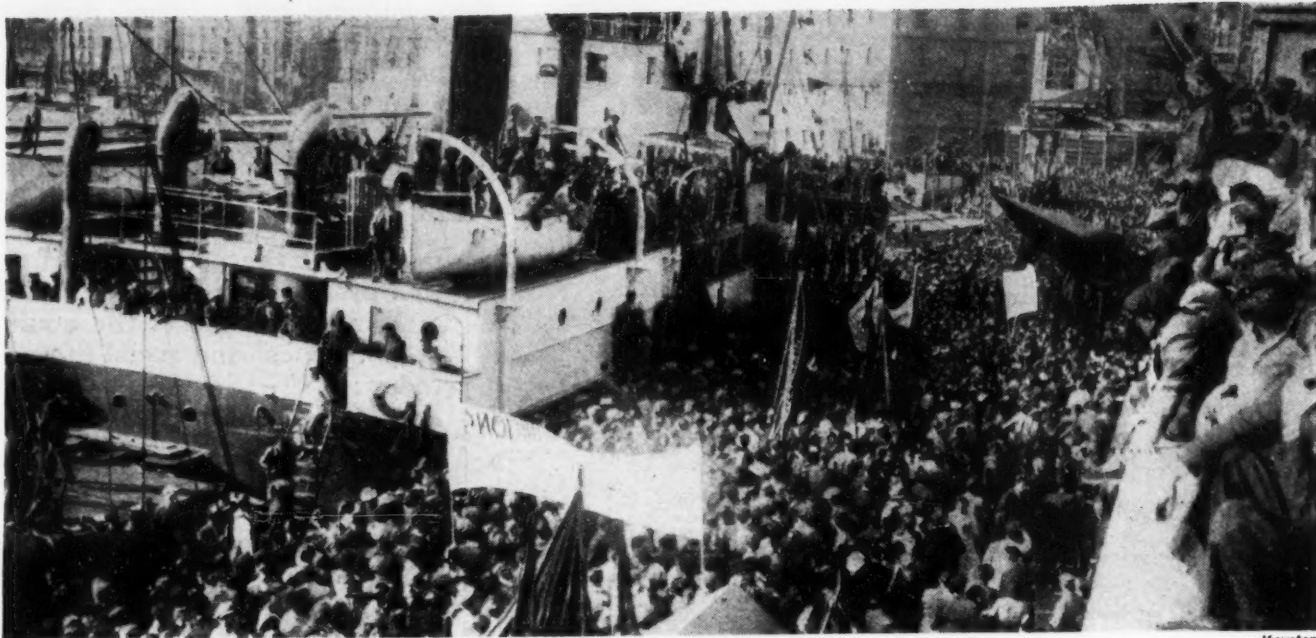
THE International Committee for Non-Intervention in Spain has nothing left of its organization but its stationery. Today, the civil war in Spain has openly become the arena of international struggle between Fascism and Democracy. Europe is the prize of that bloody contest.

The obituary of the Committee was written by the Committee itself. When Chairman Lord Plymouth returned a report that neither Lisbon nor Rome were guilty of the charges leveled against them of having broken the pact not to supply arms to either the Loyalists nor the Insurgents, the equivalent of a death notice of the Committee was written. Nobody was convinced of the innocence of the Fascist powers.

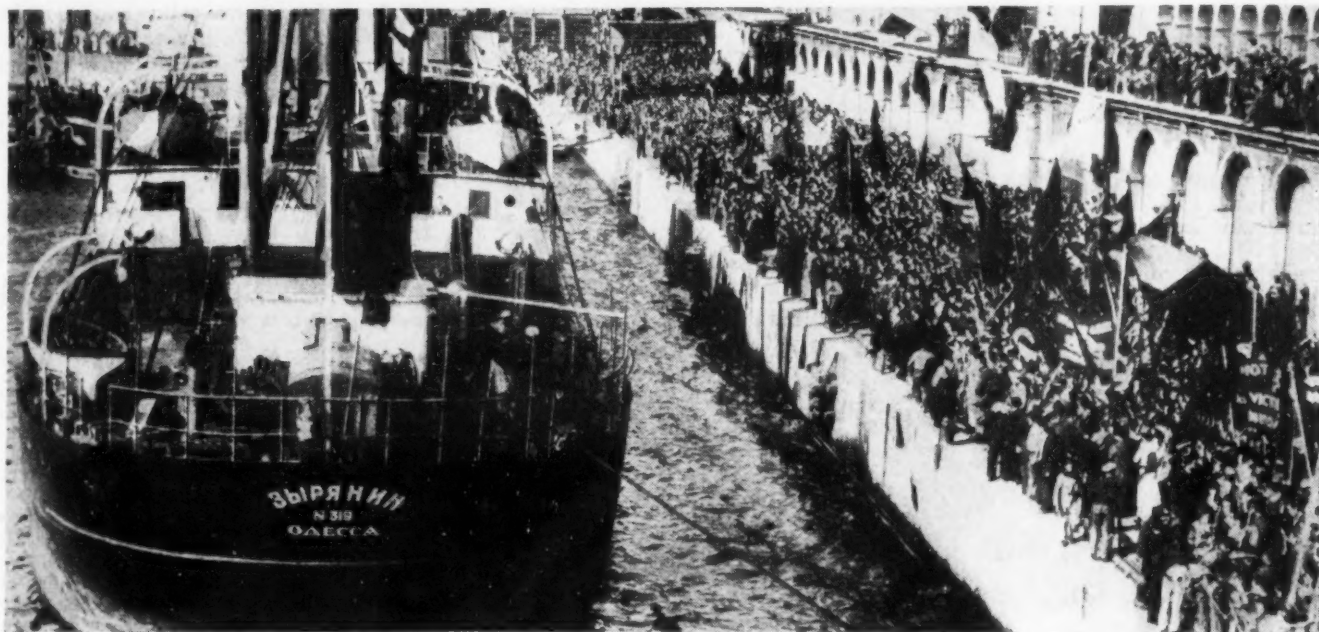
Russia declared she will no longer abide by the agreement that has crippled the Loyalist forces without injuring the Fascist rebels, although the Soviet Government has taken no official step as yet to abandon the Committee. Righteous Portugal has severed diplomatic relations with the legitimate government, and has hurled counter accusations against Moscow. Italy and Germany have likewise offered themselves as blameless victims of Soviet guile. The notes continue to besiege the Committee.

In the light of international law, the Loyal government has every diplomatic right to purchase arms. The non-intervention pact, that set a precedent for the world in the example of legitimately constituted government treated as though she were on a par with insurgents and rebels, was born from English and French fear, a fear that the conflagration begun in the Iberian peninsula would ignite the flame of inter-European war. The pact was a desperate effort to clamp an asbestos protection on the flame. But it is obvious today that it is no longer a civil war between Spaniards that is being fought in the southeastern corner of Europe. It is a war between two political systems, it is a war between Fascism and Democracy.

In this cockpit of Europe, the powers are waging a bloody dress rehearsal of the war that is brewing between them. The Spanish democrats and the Spanish Fascists are the temporary actors in a drama that will inevitably move in the near future out of the Mediterranean into the world. But meanwhile blood pours and drenches Spanish soil. The aid of Russia means new life and strength to the Loyalists. Even defeated, Spanish democracy will not be easily wiped out. A nation is more than its government. The Spanish people, fighting the alliance of world fascism, have been too deeply stirred, have paid too high costs, to surrender easily. And in the end, what is decisive in a war is not Italian liras, nor German bombers: it is the steadfast determination of a people, newly freed from their fetters, not to return submissively to slavery.



Barcelona turns out to welcome the "Zyrianin," the first Soviet ship bringing food and clothes . . .



Catalonians cheer the "Zyrianin" crew . . .



The Soviet Consul-General is carried shoulder-high by a jubilant Spanish crowd . . .

Five Million Voices

On Armistice Day the five million dead who
died in the Great War claim their right to
speak, too

All right, all right,
let the gentleman speak,
the honorable senator in the cutaway,
over a national hook-up
from coast to coast . . .
Let him get up and say it:
"Today we commemorate . . .
"Today we mourn . . .
"Peace . . . peace . . . peace . . ."
All right, all right,
put your five-dollar wreath of roses,
put your brand new medals
on the grave of the Unknown Soldier,
stand up, stand up, everywhere,
one minute,
one minute of silence,
and then the bugle,
and think,
that one was twenty,
that one wanted to be an engineer,
that one liked blondes,
they all voted, they were all citizens,
and they're all dead . . .
All right, all right,
you've had your say,
you've blown your bugle,
give the dead a break,
hook-up the broadcast to the grave,
plant that mike among the crosses,
dial in, dial in,
the five million of us,
the five million dead,
under the red poppies,
there's something still to be said,
there's something still for
the dead to say . . .
Taps . . .
You hear it, buddy, blown
through the veterans hospital,
past the legless, and the armless
and the blind . . .
Forget it, sister, the tears don't help,
aw, mom, stop bawling,
they gave you a gold star, didn't
they? . . .
But you, Senator, now we're down to
it,
how many shares in munitions
do you hold?
And you, Madame, sure, you're sorry,
but how about that little foreign loan
your bank president hubby floated?
And you, Gentlemen,
Members of the Board,
how about those merchant ships
you converted into cruisers,
how about the scrap iron that's
gone into guns, how about
those bombing planes you built,
how about that poison gas? . . .
Here, under the poppies,
there's time on our hands to think,
Yank next to Yugoslav,
Dutchman next to Greek,
The Russians haven't even
beards in the grave . . .
All right, all right,
we didn't know it before,
a man can make a mistake,
back home, we swallowed their gander,

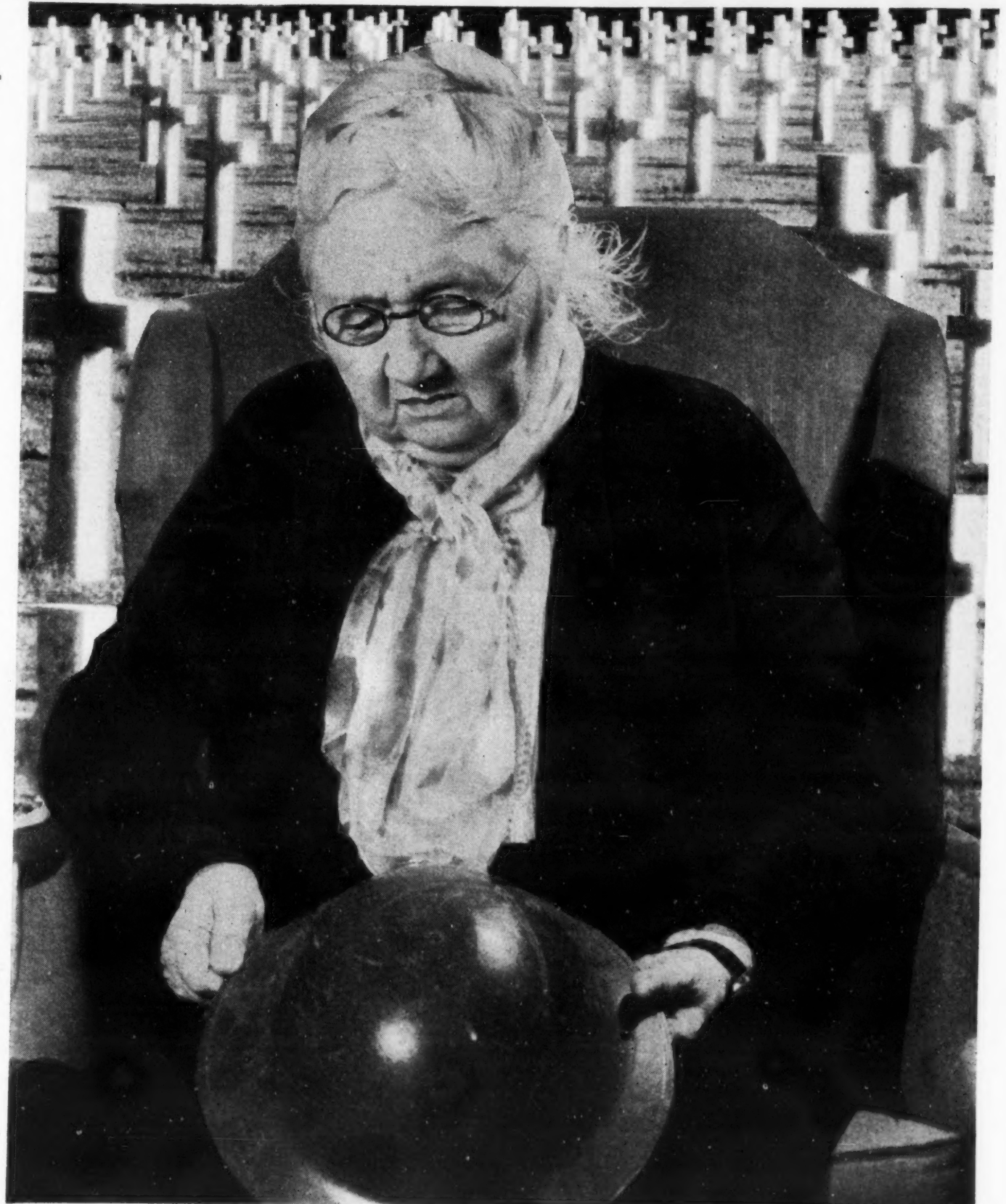


Photo by Maxwell F. Coplan

we took in the pictures,
we believed the posters,
those butchered Belgians
and the battleaxed nuns . . .
OK, OK,
we fell for it . . .
Only once burned twice careful . . .
And we're saying now,
under the poppies,
under the cheap crosses you gave us,
under the flags you hung on us,
under the tin medals,
we're saying to the living,

there's millions of you,
Look!
that one is twenty now,
that one wants to be an engineer,
that one likes blondes,
in the minute,
in the stillness,
when the bugle blows,
when the frockcoats and the tophats
shut up so you can think,
Think!
Crosses come cheap, you can buy
medals a dime a pound,

there's a flame of war beginning
to burn in your world as it
burned in ours, choke it,
smother it, stamp it out,
make them mean peace
when they say peace,
for that one who is twenty
for that one who wants to be an en-
gineer
for that one who likes blondes
for the bright clean green world
smokeless, gunless,
man can make . . .

ARMISTICE DAY

The Road Back—To War

EIGHTEEN years ago 33,000,000 men threw down their rifles, grounded their planes, climbed out of their gun turrets, ditched their ambulances, muzzled their artillery, swallowed the last of their army rations, and said "Never again." Around the world countless millions echoed those words. Behind the carnival of that first armistice day, behind the tumult and shouting, the tears and laughter, they were clearer in the minds and hearts of the people than any others—"Never again."

It's hard to believe that in the space of eighteen years the high hopes of that day should have been tossed into the ash heap. They thought in 1918 that the world would never forget the 17,000,000 men killed, the 20,000,000 others wounded, captured, or missing. The lesson of the war—the four deadliest, costliest years in the history of the world—seemed too plain to be missed by anyone. The Kaiser had been licked, the world was safe for democracy, all the old grievances were settled, and henceforth the common people of the various nations would live in permanent peace and security.

If any of this had come to pass,



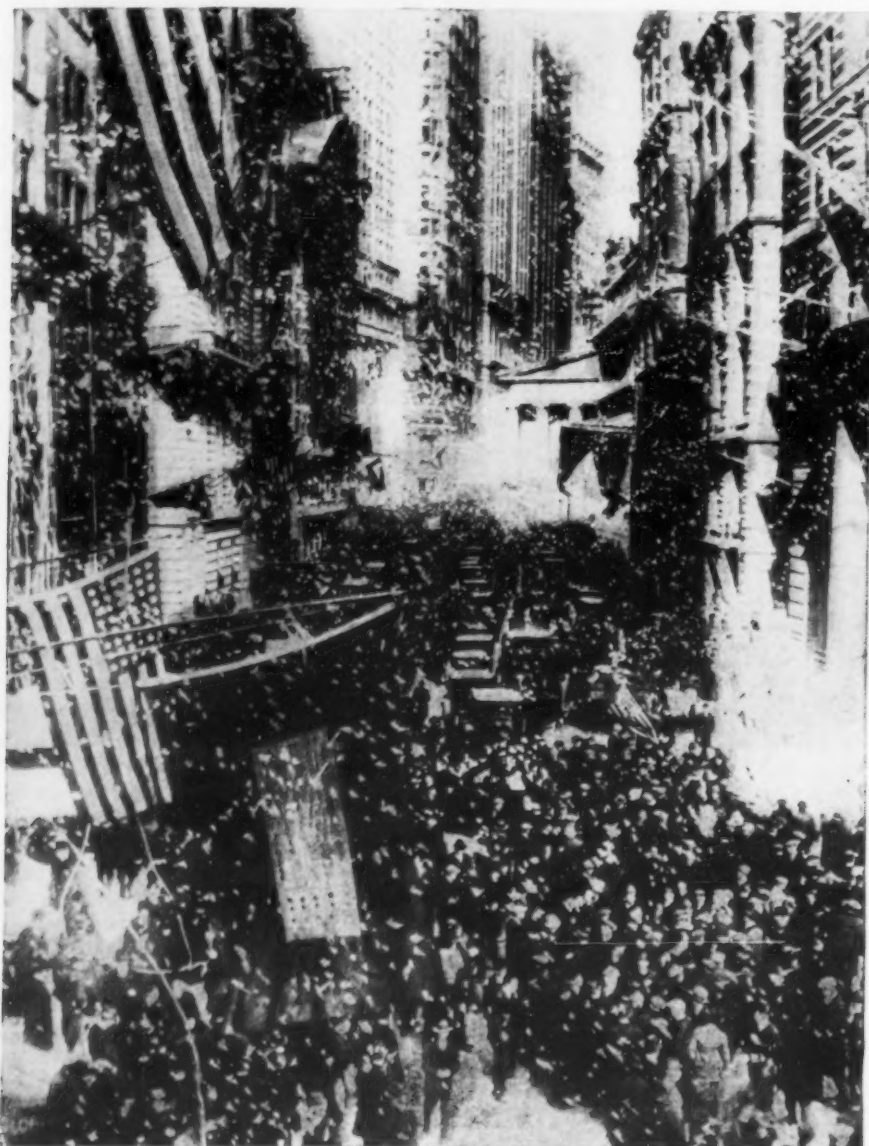
"It's Over Over There"—a French officer in New York reads the best news ever printed, Armistice Day, 1918

perhaps it wouldn't be necessary to write off the war dead and the war dollars as a total loss. You can read in any newspaper that another war may be fought at any time—and for the same reasons. Democracy isn't nearly as safe as it used to be, the autocrats are more autocratic, and the common people just as suspicious and fearful as ever before of their neighbors. The lesson of armistice day—the only lesson—is that the war didn't change anything.

Today the world situation looks startlingly like 1913. The old alignments are there, the old jealousies, and the armies and navies are, if anything, bigger and better.

A lot of people thought that conferences and peace pacts might be the solution, but while the diplomats were wrangling over theoretical advantages on paper, the generals and admirals went right ahead preparing for Armageddon. Between the first armistice day and this one no less than 45 wars, conquests, and revolutions have occurred, at a cost in lives and money which may never be calculated.

In 1919 some idealistic statesmen composed Article 8 of the Covenant



Lower New York crowds celebrating victory, and the end of a war in which 126,000 Americans were killed, and 234,300 wounded



5,623,800 French soldiers were killed or wounded before Paris hailed the Armistice



3,000,000 casualties was the price which England paid for the Armistice these Londoners are celebrating

of the League of Nations, as follows: "The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety, and the enforcement by common action of international obligation." So the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan spent the next year \$1,575,000,000 on their navies, compared to \$615,000,000 in 1913. Army strength increased in every country except Great Britain, Germany, and Russia. The Versailles Treaty held Germany to 100,000 men-at-arms, and in accepting the terms of defeat she said: "In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the clauses which follow." Today, as in 1913, Germany is regarded as the greatest threat to the peace of the world.

Other armies, Germany's future allies or enemies: Soviet Russia, 1,300,000; France, 642,875; Italy, 502,582; Great Britain, 537,392; U. S., 138,835. With Mussolini claiming that he can throw 10,000,000 men into the field on a few hours' notice there isn't any doubt that the world is just as much keyed to war in 1936 as in 1913.

In Europe the war question has been rephrased during the last few years. It used to be, "Can it happen again?" Now it's "When will it happen again?" Hitler yearns for a slice of the Ukraine, for the return of German colonies. Crowded Italy raids a primitive African empire and pushes Britain's sphere of influence. The Spanish civil war drags the opposing forces in Europe ever nearer. Russia has an immense stake in peace, and Great Britain wishes desperately to keep the *status quo*, while France waits watchfully with the world's greatest military machine.

Alarmed by the repeated aggressive acts of the dictators, the democracies race to increase their weapons. The recent German-Italian "understanding," creating a mid-European bloc parallel to that of the Central Powers during the war gives point to the fact that Britain's air-expansion program calls even for supplementary purchases in America, while France appropriates five billion francs for new planes and landing fields.

America, still relatively safe behind two oceans, is apt to belittle these too-familiar figures, these alarmist cries from the political observers. Let Congress pass a Neutrality Act, we say, and the country will stay out of war. After all, we're peace-minded, and across the Atlantic we won't hear the guns. Furthermore, we read that in spite of their armaments, no country in Europe can afford a war. The answer is that no country can ever afford a war—but that has never stopped wars. Armistice Day should be more to this country than a time for placing wreaths on statues, speechmaking, and two minutes of silence. To the whole world it should be a day for facing reality, for asking, over and over, "What did it accomplish? What did it change? What did it improve?" "How can war and another armistice be avoided?"



Back to 1913? Hitler's 1936 mechanized army of 550,000 may soon try to capture Germany's "place in the sun." War casualties: 6,000,000



Mussolini threatens Britain's Mediterranean supremacy with 10,000,000 men. Will the dictators upset the delicate European balance?



France waits with the greatest army in Europe behind her Maginot Line of fortresses. 5 billion francs will go this year for aircraft



Britain longs for peace but prepares for war. Her armaments expenditures are a big item on the world's 9 billion dollar 1935 war bill

Simpson vs. Simpson



Keystone

Dante Buscalia was the servant who brought breakfast to Mr. Simpson and an unknown blonde



Keystone

Ernest Simpson, playing the role of the defendant, added nothing original to the performance

The Waiter and the Model play hackneyed roles and make a spectacle for curious world in humdrum affair that gives Wallis Simpson her freedom



Universal Photos, London

Marguerite Salle, a model, believed to be Mr. Simpson's week-end companion at the Hotel de Paris



Keystone

Heralding the opening of the court session to consider events in a bedroom in no way farcical



Keystone

Justice Hawke was "adequate," but that's all anyone is required to be in this stereotyped role

THE judge carefully adjusted his robes and his splendid wig, to give proper majesty to the law. The herald moistened his lips to mark the opening of the court with an appropriately solemn fanfare on his trumpet. Photographers and correspondents from newspapers all over the world stood poised with cameras and pencils to record every detail of the drama.

And as a drama, it was a bust. Very old stuff, was the comment of the critics, nothing but clichés, worn-out situations, characters without originality, all the action on a tried-and-true pattern, no suspense.

But all the same, the moment the curtain came down, the correspondents leaped to file tens of thousands of words. By telephone, telegram, cable and radio the news was fired round the earth. Newspaper headlines in Denver and Shanghai, in Capetown and Boston, grew almost as thick and black as if the long-expected war had come, and columns were devoted to the tiniest details of the process by which Mrs. Wallis Simpson had been granted a divorce from Mr. Ernest Simpson.

Only the prominence of the actors playing such hoary old roles brought this full house to a platitudinous drama. Actually it was the same old spectacle that is played off hundreds of times a week all over the world. Every trite character and situation was trotted out—the wronged wife complaining that her husband had gone to a hotel for a week-end with

an unknown woman, the hotel book to prove they had registered as man and wife, the hotel servant testifying that he had served a meal to the erring husband and the unknown lady while they were in bed together, the husband himself absent from the court proceeding—in every way a poor show. No melodrama. No new twists, no comedy effects, not even an attempt at any convincing realism.

But even the least inspired author will bite his finger-nails and grow anxious as to how well his drama may get over with its first-night audience. One can conceive that on the day of the Simpson divorce a certain highly-placed personage sat impatiently by a telephone in a certain palace where he lives, waiting to know how the case went. Was there a hitch anywhere? Did everyone play his part well? He might well have been spared his worry. The little one-act drama, requiring hardly twenty minutes of a learned justice's time, as incapable of being balled up as a marriage ceremony itself, could hardly fail to succeed. Simple, sure-fire stuff like that always succeeds.

And now that Mrs. Wallis Simpson is free from her marriage vows to Ernest Simpson, the world waits for her next act. Will she walk down the long aisle of Westminster Abbey, and walk out the royal consort of Edward VIII, King of England and Ireland, and Emperor of India? That would be a third act worthy of the noted Baltimore beauty.



"BOOM-LAY BOOM-LAY BOOM-LAY BOOM!!!"

International

Now We're Skidding Around That Corner

Not only have we reached prosperity corner, but we're rounding it on two wheels. Skidding may be fun, but let's guard against another spill.

FIGURES, notwithstanding those on the average pay check, indicate that the country is crashing out of the red. The boom started before the

November third election. Big business, even though it usually restrains purchases until after presidential returns, could not withstand tempta-



Ewing Galloway



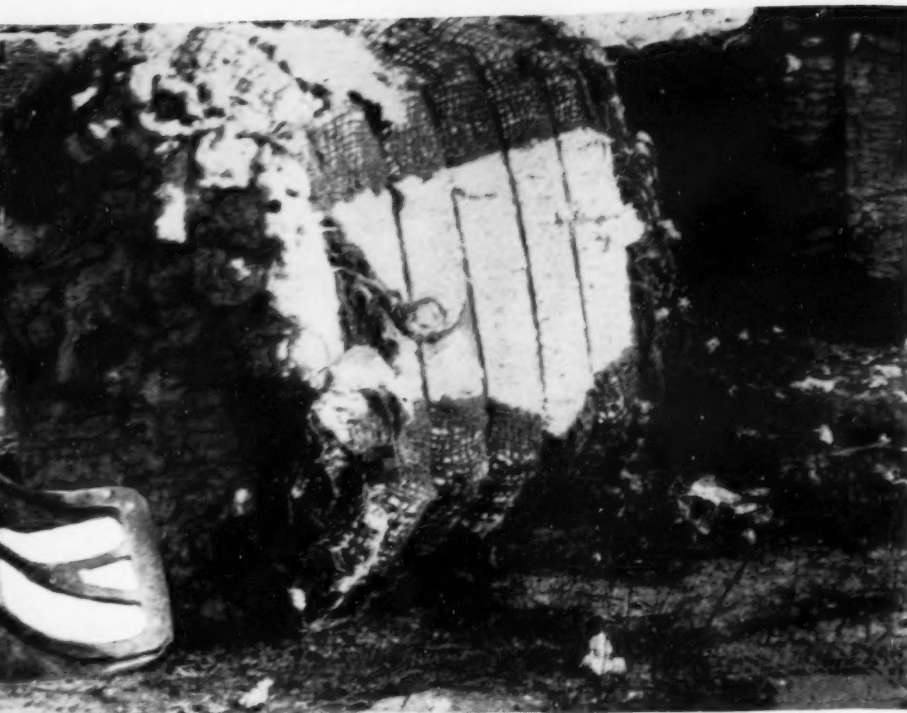
HAPPY FEET!

Ewing Galloway



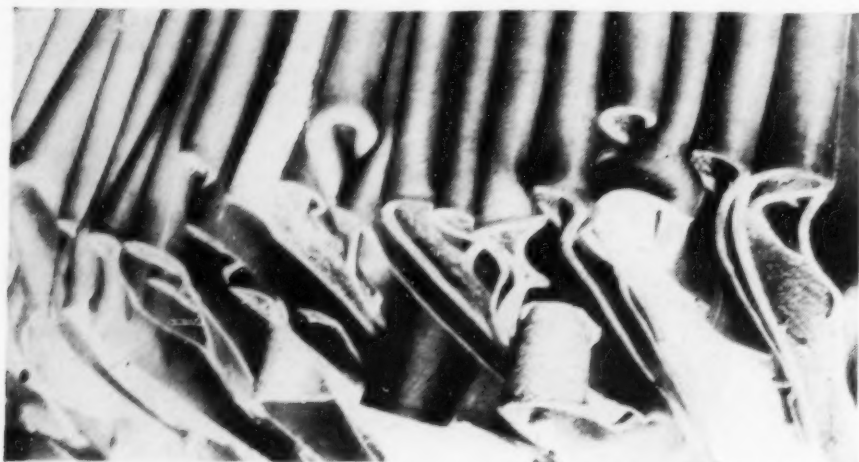
Authenticated News

UP 16.2 PERCENT. September operating revenues of America's 123 Class I railroads totalled \$348,139,365 compared with \$299,533,809 of the same month last year. Operating expenses increased 13.7 percent. There probably exists no better index to recovery



Ewing Galloway

UP 26 PERCENT. Cotton consumption up 26 percent over last year, paces the recovery march. One of the largest employers of labor in the country, it eclipses all previous records, including 1929. In the last ten weeks activity has been the heaviest on record. Many mills have already disposed of 20 percent of their March, 1937 output



Ewing Galloway

UP 12-20 PERCENT. Retail shoe sales have run 12 to 20 percent ahead of 1935. Shoe production in the peak year, 1929, was 365,000,000 pairs, but in 1936 will near the 400,000,000 mark, which is spurring the leather industry to 4 percent greater than in 1929. Employment hovers around 3 per cent above 1927, the industry's peak year. Shoe prices will go up this Spring



International

UP 10-12 PERCENT. The paper industry will break all previous records this year. Paper board and wrapping paper, two things indicative of shipping and selling, show the greatest increases. Employment is highest in the history of the industry and around \$100,000,000 is being spent for new plants and the rehabilitating of old ones

tion. Eager to buy when prices were still relatively low, business men jumped the gun. The race is on!

Business should pass all previous peaks by the middle of 1937. Already shortages have occurred in numerous lines, and buyers have swamped manufacturers with new demands. Delivery difficulties, almost forgotten during the depression, have made transport companies realize their ancient facilities must be replaced.

Up until now there have been slight, small booms, the shoves of which together gave business its present momentum. But each slight boom was followed by a slight depression; for there existed a huge overproduction capacity which came into play at the first sign of new business and immediately swamped demand. But capacity now, surveys show, has been reached or will soon be reached in most industries.

Neither the seasonal (Christmas and Winter) increase in business nor the election termination, although each is one of many contributing factors, can be held responsible for the surge ahead.

Nor is the upswing localized. In New England, practically all indices are up from 10 to 25 per cent. In Detroit, 1937 is looked forward to as the greatest year in motor car history, even surpassing 1929. In Chicago, department store trade was up 18 per cent over September of a year ago, 29 per cent over August. In St. Louis general business for the first nine months of the year showed a 13 per cent increase over the same period of 1935. In San Francisco, September business set a new six-year high mark for the month.

Thus, business *per se* once again is assured of that pleasant thing called profits. Unless something unforeseen happens, stock will rise because of dividends and stock market activity. Bonuses and commissions will rise because sales will rise. But what of employment?



International

UP 63.3 PERCENT. The value of construction contracts awarded in August, 1936, over the same month of 1935, indicates the upward surge in building which, many believe, did more to start the ball of prosperity rolling than any other factor. Residential awards alone in the first half of October totalled \$41,535,700 as compared with \$29,192,500 a year ago



Maxwell F. Coplan

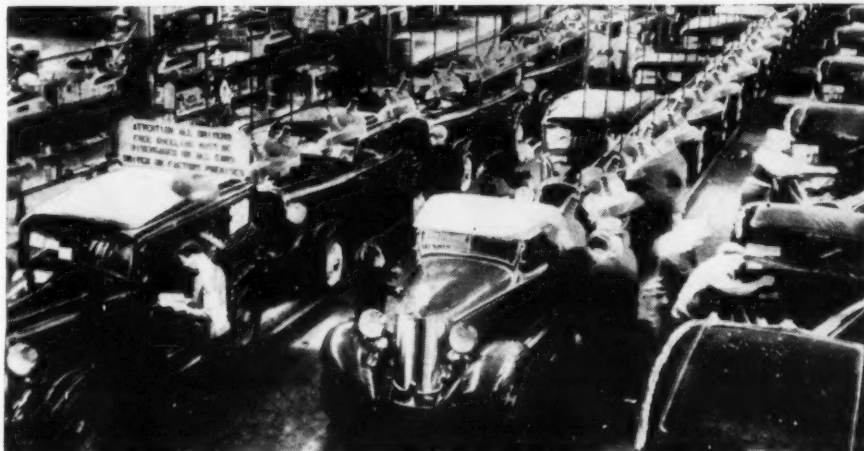
UP 20-80 PERCENT. Sales by dry goods wholesalers are rushing ahead of last year and will be the highest since 1929. The Men's clothing industry has regained virtually all its losses. Some 77,000,000 garments were cut in 1929, dropped to 37,000,000 in 1933, and are now back well above 70,000,000. The woolen goods sales will equal or top 1929 figures. Leading rayon manufacturers are sold out up to the end of the year

A sharper dent in unemployment than any made since 1933 should ensue, if this is a just world, or even a sensible world.

Some observers even believe new workers will be employed at a greater rate than the actual increases in sales. Back in 1929, business staffs were large in most instances, and a 10 to 15 per cent gain in business could be handled without an increase in personnel.

During the depression, business staffs were cut to the bone. Now, any substantial increase in business should demand added workers.

The total lack of reliable figures on the number of unemployed makes it difficult to make predictions. It is generally conceded that employables have been added at the rate of 500,000 a year since 1932. During the worst months of the depression, the number of employed was estimated at anywhere from 13,000,000 to 17,000,000. A more optimistic Chamber of Commerce estimates that 7,000,000 have been put back to work



Ewing Galloway

UP 32 PERCENT over a month ago, employment in the automobile industry is but one of the indications that point to 1936 as the second best year in the history of the industry. All signs point to 1937 as a 5,000,000 unit year, greatest in the 30 years of motor car history. Production in 1929, the best year so far, was a million units in excess of the demand

in the past four years. As for the last year, Secretary of Labor Perkins estimates 1,000,000 more have

found jobs, while the American Federation of Labor places the figure close to 2,000,000.

Specific instances of wage increases in the last few months are many. Most prominent is the 7 per cent increase granted by the "big four" of the packing industry—Swift, Armour, Wilson and Cudahy—lifting wage scales to a level almost 20 per cent above the pre-depression high in 1929.

The United States Steel Corporation, greatest of all industrial employers, with 216,709 workers on its payroll, has announced a pay revision plan. This probably is due not only to the increase in business but to the agitation of John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization. U. S. Steel recently announced the resumption of full-dividend payments on its preferred stock, and issued quarterly earnings report which showed a net profit of \$13,636,177, the largest of any three-month period in six years.

Likewise Bethlehem Steel realized a larger net profit than in any third quarter since 1929. Although a study

of its wage problem is underway, Eugene G. Grace, president of Bethlehem, said at the time he announced quarterly profits, that if the wage study leads to an increase in wages, "we will have to look to some place to find money to meet the increased cost."

* * *

With estimates of from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 still unemployed, prospects for wide-scale wage increases are dark, even though prospects are bright for increased dividends and increased employment.

What to do, then, to keep the lights from going dim once again. In the past, consequences of boom days were bad days. With so large a body of unemployed to draw from, the supply of workers will continue for a long time to outweigh demand.

But to avoid the fall that comes after so sudden a rise as that we are now experiencing, some things can be done. One, and foremost, is that wages rise with profits.

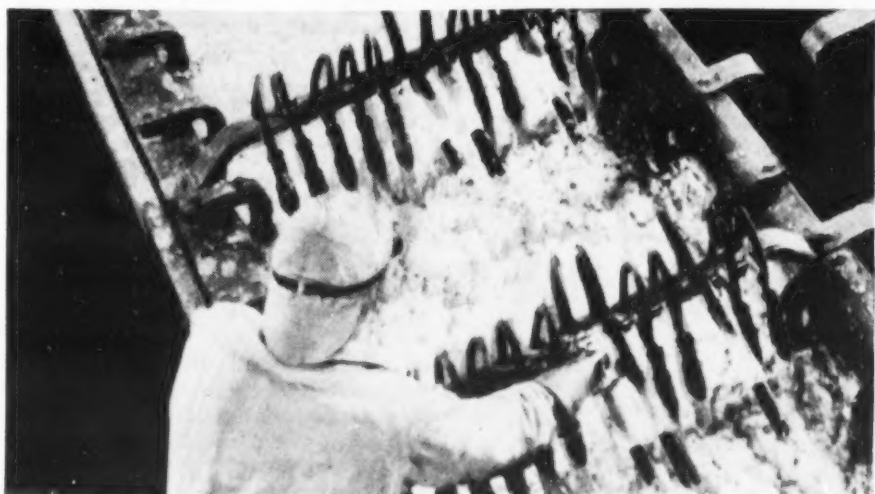
The problem of higher wages will probably be left for the working man himself to solve. Next year will see more strikes than any year in the past; for the working man will start to demand that he, too, get his share along with stockholders.

Shorter hours, too, could help pull up the slack. And an enlightened wage-increase plan on the part of the employers could help. The occupation of the remaining unemployed on decent paying government projects will be essential. Together government, the intelligent employer and the fighting workman can insure the prosperity before us lest it prove the vanguard of another, more devastating depression.



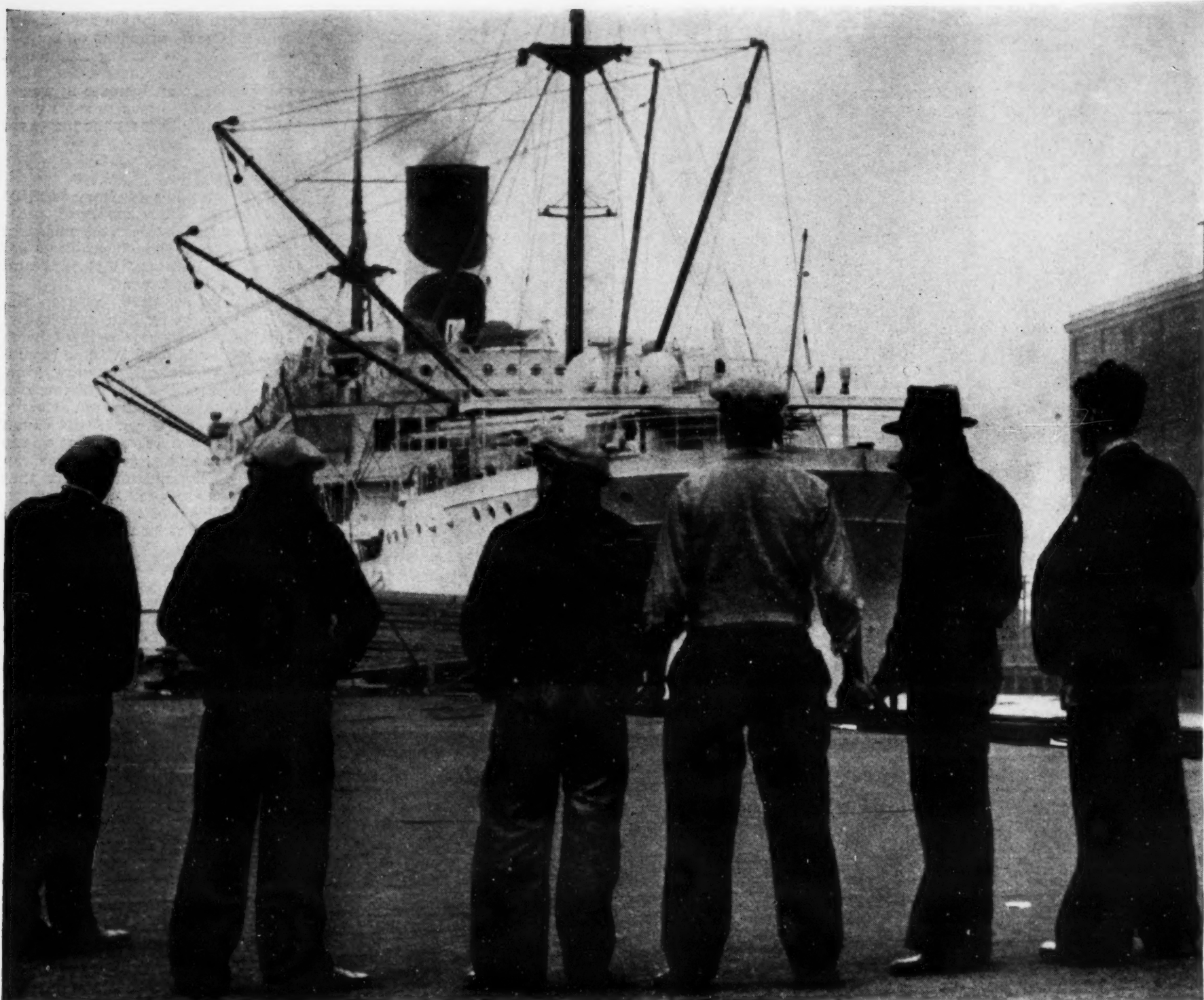
Ewing Galloway

UP ??? On employment there are no accurate figures. Total employed next year may exceed 1929, but still leave 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 without jobs in private industry. America has no insurance against another (immediate) depression unless the problem of unemployment is solved



Harris—Ewing

UP 30 PERCENT over last year, domestic and industrial electrical equipment indicate the rehabilitation of homes and factories for a new electrical era. In home appliances, refrigerator sales are up around 30 per cent, with toasters, irons and other small socket appliances averaging gains of 20 percent over 1935. (Above: making an industrial electric cell)



GUARDING THEIR JOBS . . . Pickets watch the United Fruit Company freighter Chiriqui, unmanned beside a San Francisco wharf

Wide World



HARRY BRIDGES — "Never be generous to a foe who will take generosity as a weakness."

International

The Rights of Men at Sea Bring Dramatic Struggle

Swiftly, as though gunpowder bordered the nation's seaboard, labor trouble flares up again and again in San Francisco's Embarcadero and leaps from port to port around the entire coastline.

ELEVENTH AVENUE on Manhattan is that colorful but dismal street of wharves along the Hudson. Facing the wharves at Number 164 is a dilapidated, dreary building, windows boarded up. In front is one policeman among fifty or more seamen. Every now and then he passes a joke with some of them and they laugh.

Police, you knew, had made secret plans for the maintenance of peace along the waterfront and you ex-

pected more than one on guard. This was strike headquarters for the seamen who had permitted no American vessel to leave port that day.

No mistake about the men outside being seamen. The white coat of a room steward is on one, the blue jacket of able bodied seamen hangs on the backs of others. Trousers that blossom out at the ankle, greasy hats from the engine room—all are there.

Up one flight of stairs and you come to the door and the two men

who stand there guarding it.

"Have you got a Guild card?"

Reporters who can produce their Newspaper Guild membership cards gain entrance. Those who can't, travel back down the stairs.

Inside a large, crowded room are smoke and sweat, a little swearing, a few neckties, a hundred dirty collars and wind-tanned faces that show work.

These men are tense, seriously scan bulletin boards that list the

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly

ships on which they would have sailed had they not voted to strike.

The reason why these men are in this room tells the nation's jumbled maritime story. As though gun powder instead of sand bordered the nation's shores, labor trouble flared up suddenly in San Francisco's Embarcadero and leapt from port to port. The seaboard of America is made of inflammable stuff. Its Merchant Marine, from a business standpoint, is flimsy. Many lines have continued in operation because a paternal government has been generous with mail subsidies.

This unhealthy state of affairs has been aggravated by a depression and a foreign trade policy which, up until the present, cut U. S. shipping to the bone. The result has been hard on the men who work the ships and the men who unload them, as well as on the ship owners.

Oppressive conditions and poor wages cause strikes. Strikes interrupt shipping, eat up employer profits, swallow employee savings. In an industry where there has been little profit and little wages, animosity between employer and employee is intensified.

In 1934 San Francisco's Embarcadero was the scene of one of America's most terrific labor battles. Longshoremen, tired of being led by conservatives who were too ready to concede to ship-owners, took advantage of their strategic position and under militant, slight, quick-moving Harry Bridges won a strike which gave them preferential union hiring, \$1.00 an hour, \$1.50 overtime, a six-hour day.

In the present crisis San Francisco longshoremen struck for a renewal of the contract they won in 1934. San Francisco seamen demanded preferential union hiring, cash instead of time off for overtime at sea, an eight-hour day for ship's officers, cooks and stewards and assurances that conditions will be retroactive.

In most cases seamen and longshoremen on the Gulf of Mexico and on the Eastern Seaboard have struck in sympathy, demanding only that West Coast terms be met.

Most important port tie-up is in New York where the rank and file majority of the International Seamen's Union walked out on their union old-line officers and joined huge, husky John Curran in a sit-down strike. Seamen went aboard their ships and sat down at accustomed places of work and refused to budge. On the West Coast, they walked off ships *en masse*.

Meanwhile, maritime locals were able to tie up, in varying degrees, the ports of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston, Albany, Poughkeepsie, Newark, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, Port Arthur, Houston, Tampa.

An inter-coastal strike is more than sympathetic. American longshoremen and seamen wherever they may be are in the "same boat." An engine wiper in New York today may be applying for a job in San Francisco three weeks from now.

Likewise, ship-owners are in the "same boat," although some have been able to get along with Harry

(Continued on page 47)

Able-bodied Joe Curran, Leader in New York



Keep the cork



On New York port



Bottle it up



Plenty to do



And take it from me



We're doing it



STRATEGY COMMITTEE

Photos by Nelson

In the midst of the fray, these gathered to map plans for America's first major sit-down strike. Left to right, top row: Charles McCarthy, Ferdinand Smith, Frank Jones, Joseph Curran, Jack Lawrenson, Bottom: Patrick Keenan, Albert Lannon, Francis Mulderig

Ten Seconds Before Death

With a grin, with terror, with tears men go down the last road that has no turning . . .



Before the Alabama State Prison executioner in the lethal chamber threw the switch, that released the cyanide gas, murderer John Sullivan grinned and gritted a cigar between his teeth . . . Two minutes later physicians pronounced him dead . . .

MADAME GUILLOTINE has a fixed smile. It is shaped in steel. Above the head of the condemned, her edged grin flickers in the gray light of a five o'clock dawn. But the condemned man glances overhead before he kneels into the smooth notch that other heads have slipped into before they felt the sharp, cold kiss. What does he think of in those last moments? What last request can he make of the respectably derby-hatted and black-coated executioners?

Or the man condemned to the chair? Strapped into the iron seat, his wrists and bared shanks clamped in the affectionate grip of the electric chair, he stares for a moment at the silent assembled men in the dark room with him. What thoughts flicker then through men's minds in those minutes facing eternity?

The dying requests of men are sometimes ludicrous, sometimes pitiful, but always grotesquely human. One orders a plate of ham and eggs. Another a harmonica to play. A third a clean shirt. Recently, a convict went into the death cell with a cigar gripped tightly between his teeth, grinning before the overhead bulbs dimmed swiftly twice, and the juice burned through his exposed body. In Owensboro, a negro about to be hanged spoke casually to the hangmen. Always behind the words, sometimes casually, sometimes fraught with the intense agony of the doomed, there springs out the essentially human tragedy.

There is a fabled story of an Englishman, addicted to puns, who, sentenced to be beheaded in the Tower

of London, passed to his death with a pun on his lips. Another, of a French aristocrat who took a pinch of snuff while the tumbrils rolled. These, like the last, meagre defenses that men hold against the terror of the unknown, perhaps comfort them with a meaningless jest or an habitual gesture that brings back a semblance of life.

Perhaps the Chinese are actually inured to death. Perhaps, as the early Christians were accustomed to considering the earth a temporary stopping place on the journey into God's kingdom, a people can develop a philosophy that makes death a simple and unterrifying experience. But the history of western man is a history of a struggle with the problem of death. These convicts, assassins, murderers, who died under the pale light of Madame Guillotine, or in the hot embrace of the electric chair, looked into the eyes beyond life—and on their faces like a passing picture the last gesture they made at life is registered.

The State exacts the supreme penalty for murder today, although in the actual history of capital punishment, death was often asked for minor crimes. In the United States several states, including North Dakota and Rhode Island, impose not death but life imprisonment for murder in the first degree. However, a murder committed by an offender already convicted and serving a life sentence is punished by hanging.

The guillotine, hanging, electrocu-

tion, shooting, and beheading with a huge sabre, as in Sweden, are the traditional forms of capital punishment. America has experimented with man's last moments. Lethal gas is the streamlined up-to-date mode of some States' executions. Arizona, Nevada, Wyoming, and Colorado have perfected the use of a fatal anaesthesia for their death-sentenced criminals. A stone death-cell, sealed, deserted, bottles the condemned. Into the cell, from secret pipes, a spray of liquid hydrocyanic gas is released. It floods the criminal silently. There is no last-minute dimming of bulbs, no grotesque attendance of formally attired officials. The gas works rapidly. The first two criminals executed by lethal gas in Nevada in 1934 to test the efficiency of the method were reported as highly successful experiments. Seven deaths that followed also proved instantaneous and painless.

But tastes change, even in executions. Lethal gas and football games spring from an "enlightened" penology, though American hangings in the deep South sometimes challenge any presumption toward an enlightened capital punishment. But from the guillotine to the stone lethal gas chamber, the comedy of "progressive" executions is somberly darkened by the vision of the condemned—staring either from under the blade or the noose or from the chair in the gas chamber, with stricken eyes, pitifully attempting bravery or huddling in abject terror of the swiftly descending and inevitable doom man visits on man.



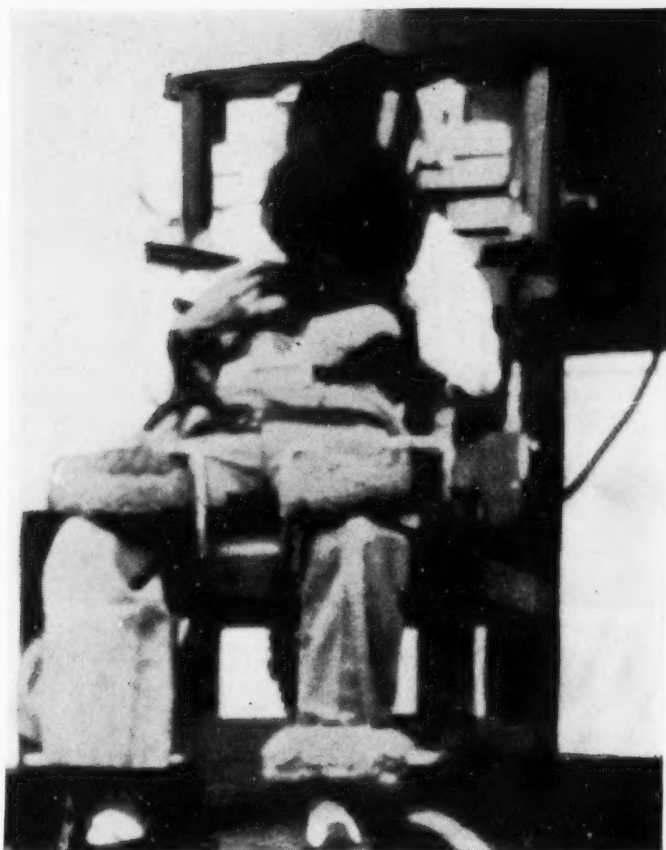
Arthur Gooch sombrely awaits hangman's noose at McAlester, Okla.



Chinese bandits, their bowed heads waiting for the headman's axe . . .



Robert E. Elliott, official executioner of Sing Sing . . .



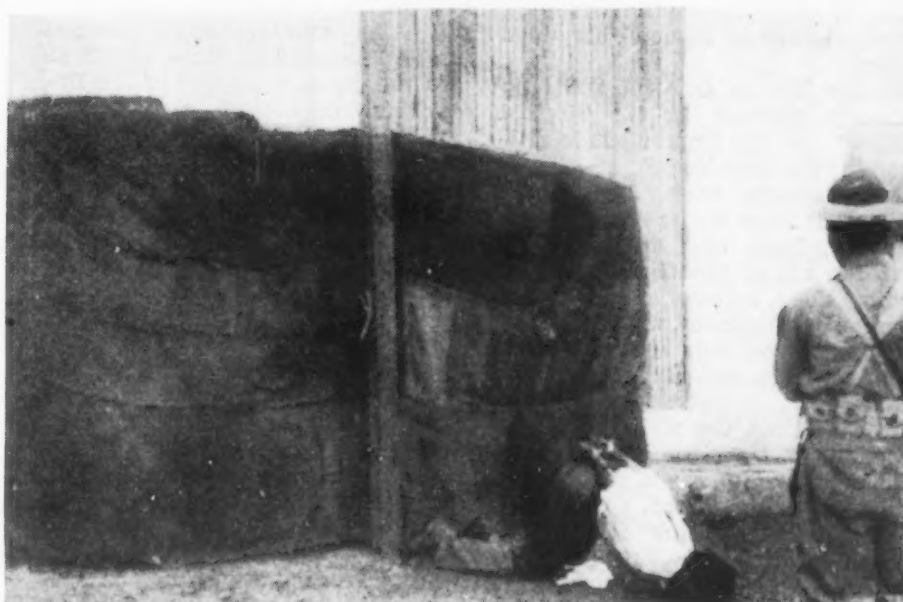
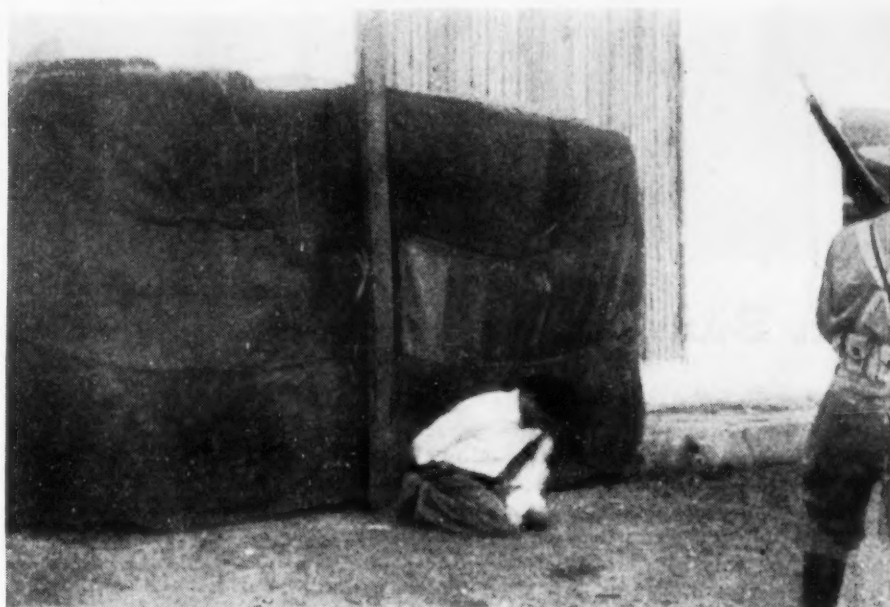
International

Gerald Thompson, convicted murderer of a Peoria girl, huddles, hooded and trussed, in the electric chair . . .



international

A Spanish rebel spy, captured by loyalists, defiantly faces his certain death . . .



A newsreel of death A Cuban revolutionary, propped against a wall, is riddled by a firing squad . . .



1. In Burlesque the strip tease was conceived: Joan Carrol of Minsky's

ALL of a sudden the strip dance has become the most popular spectacle on Broadway. It is the chief attraction at the numerous burlesque houses where young ladies divest themselves of their attire eleven hours a day, and continuously.

It furnishes the midnight surprise at night clubs like Kelly's, where in the midst of a number the entire corps of entertainers toss off their evening gowns in favor of corporeal display.

At the Winter Garden, the strip dance is glorified in the Ziegfeld Follies." At the Imperial it is satirized in "On Your Toes."

And, recently, when Gypsy Lee's retirement from burley cues was announced, Leon and Eddie, fearful that the art of the G-string might be imperilled, threw a contest to determine her successor, with appropriate ceremonies, duly solemn judges, lofty speeches and a "prop" silver cup.

By this time, the strip dance was the topic of conversation at formal dinner parties and the subject for archaeological research.

Soon the following facts were brought to light: The dance owes its origin to the early "leg" show which Lydia Thompson and her blondes brought here from England about 1870, and which was subsequently to

start the craze for tights in the early burlesque shows produced by Mike Leavitt and "The Black Crook" extravaganza.

At that time, however, the law was so strict, and the police so watchful, that the girls had to wear fleshings down to their wrists to keep their flesh obscure from the opera glasses.

The years passed by and burlesque had its rise and fall. But the indefatigable producers never stopped for one moment in their efforts to give the public a glimpse of the human body au naturel.

With the development of the modern revue and the opening of "Artists and Models," in 1923, nudity became fashionable and took on an abstract aesthetic significance and thereby stumped the police. Bare legs, as a result, became a feature of dance routines and bare breasts a part of the decor.

The time was opportune now for the resuscitated burlesque to take a chance at displaying the whole body; and the producers made the most of it by introducing the strip dance.

The number originated, it is said, in Minneapolis. But Ann Corio, with her perfect figure, brought it to New York where it soon became a regular feature of burlesque, displacing the old-fashioned "hootch."

Soon strip dancers became a part

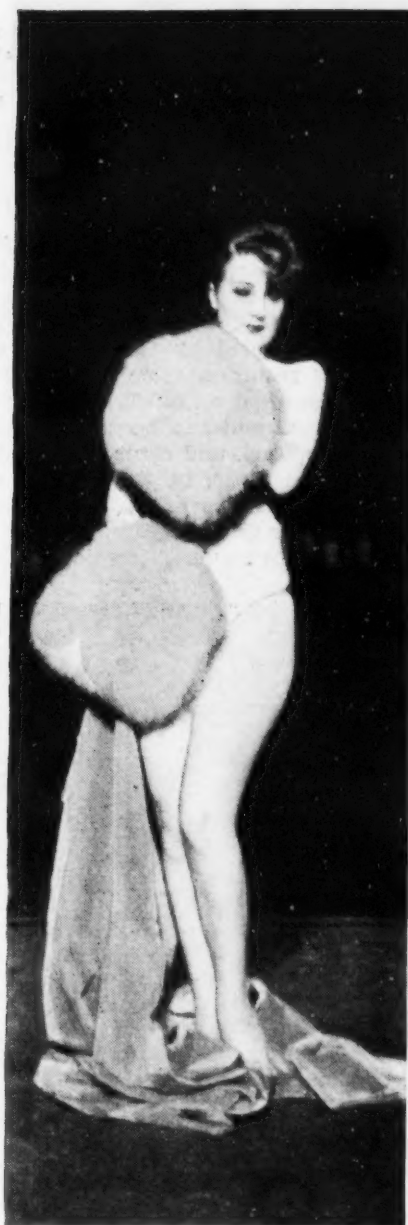
Strip Cycle

By Bernard Sobel



3. In musical comedy it is satirized

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



Staff Photos by Nelson



2. In review its status is raised to fine art: Gypsy Rose Lee of the Follies

Fundamental as a fact of life, inevitable in its conclusion as a Greek tragedy is the highly paid ritual of stripping.



Tamara Geva of "On Your Toes"

November 18, 1936

of every burlesque show and gradually developed a technique with specific terms and a routine. "Flash" means entrance. "Parade" signifies the march across the stage forward and back. "Tease" is the act of removing apparel and displaying part of the body. "Strip" denotes the swift retreat which the lady makes in rushing her completely bare body back into the draperies and offstage.

The cycle of the strip dance is curiously illustrated in the accompanying photographs.

Joan Carol from Minsky's does an elemental number with the naked body practically the sole objective. Her whole costume comes apart in less than a minute.

Gypsy Rose Lee in the Ziegfeld Follies at the Winter Garden, makes the number complex, even metaphysical. While exposing her full figure from top to toe, she sublimates nudity into an aesthetic abstraction by singing detachedly of frustration, psychoanalysis, philosophy and vitality.

Gypsy is, of course, the reigning intellectual of the current Broadway realm. Tamara Geva's number in "On Your Toes," is apparently the rawest strip dance in town. But those sitting close to the stage will find that it is superlatively modest. For only Geva's fingertips are bare.

Her hands are covered with gloves and the rest of her body with pink fleshings.

Geva came to America with Chauve Souris and brings to the strip dance the technique of the famous Russian ballet.

The dancer's personal relation to nudity constitutes an interesting chapter in stage history.

In the early stages of burlesque, the height of decorum was to have a girl throw her garter to the audience. If, however, she did not draw her stockings primly up to her skirts and panties, she was fined for imperiling the morals of the show and making the company liable for arrest.

Tricky managers often made it a custom to pretend though that the stockings were not drawn up as directed, and mulcted the girls often enough to pay them part of their own salaries.

In Boston when a burlesque queen appeared once in black fleshings made of a lace curtain, the police rushed backstage to find out if she was wearing fleshings underneath.

Today the strip dancer has to have an elaborate, expensive wardrobe.

"I can't get a job these days," complained one well-known strip artist, "because I can't put on clothes expensive enough to take off."

Wild Birds Discover Home in Vancouver

Charles Jones nursed his childhood ambition for years, and by patient kindness and hard work he now sees hundreds of birds tamed and healthy

CHARLES E. JONES, founder of the most remarkable bird sanctuary in America, was born in Oswestry, Shropshire, England. In his childhood he was crippled by tuberculosis of the hip, resulting from a bad fall. But he entered an office at 13, mastered shorthand and bookkeeping in his spare time, and came to Canada at the age of 20. In the seaport of Vancouver he worked for the government for twenty years.

All his life he has been dogged by



A young visitor plays with the many species of wild birds



"Bird-Wizard" Jones, whom the birds trust as they do their own kind. He rears the wild birds by hand

deeply religious man all his life. His favorite portion of the Bible is the prophesy that in a time to come all of nature will live in harmony. In his small Vancouver sanctuary he has seen part of that prophesy realized.

Besides canaries, he has raised thirty-one species of birds. Fifteen kinds are common to North America, and the rest are the so-called exotic birds, supposedly impossible to raise in a temperate climate. Flying about



This little girl is getting to know the birds in Mr. Jones' sanctuary

illness. As a little boy he could never go outdoors. In 1926 he was stricken so badly that he kept to his bed for three years. Never strong, interested from childhood in animals and birds, forced to give up his work by his weakened condition, he decided when he partially recovered to found a bird sanctuary where he could try the difficult and patience-trying process of hand-rearing.

Wild birds respond well to being reared by hand, but it takes all of the bird-lover's time. Each little fledgling has to be fed individually from the moment it comes out of the shell. As the little birds sometimes double in size during the first day of their life, this means a twenty-four hour a day job and constant attention to equalizing the feeding so that one little bird from the nest does not get more than another.

Bird diet does not vary much from species to species but the articles on the menu are sometimes hard for man to get.

In the hand-rearing process the birds come to love their keeper and are tamed to such a remarkable extent that they will alight on dogs, cats, horses, and human beings. They will feed out of the visitor's mouth, sit on his hand, tweak his ear to indicate hunger, and sing almost deafeningly their varied songs. This charming trust on the part of the birds realizes one of Mr. Jones' dearest ambitions, for he has been a



A boy and his dog visit the sanctuary and are welcomed by the feathered dwellers

in Vancouver on the Pacific Coast are the Indian bulbul, spice birds from Ceylon, Java sparrows, Chinese Nightingales, Australian zebra finches and budgerigars, English blackbirds.

Among the many varieties of North American birds are some, like the junco, the towhee, the siskin, and the cedar waxwing, that bird lovers often see only in illustrated books. To come to Mr. Jones' small sanctuary is a treat and an education to visitor and ornithologist alike. After hundreds of strenuous hours spent in the woods and on the prairie, seeking to know the birds with field glasses, trying to acquaint himself with each one's particular song, the ornithologist finds an amazing revelation in the work of Mr. Jones. He can learn more in a few hours from having the birds perch on his hands and willingly undergo close inspection than he can learn in months of weary research.

This bird-wizard, without adequate means, without adequate space to make a fully complete and perfect sanctuary, has succeeded, despite recurring illnesses, in creating a shrine for the bird-lover. He hopes to see come true a larger dream. For in Vancouver, adjoining the very heart of the city, lie a few square miles of primitive forest, the largest natural park owned by any North American city. In this area he wants to erect the ideal bird sanctuary.

THE FANTASTIC WENDEL CASE

Now at last the former Trenton lawyer, whose alleged confession to kidnaping the Lindbergh baby delayed Hauptmann's execution for three days, is to have a chance to prove his charge that he was himself kidnaped

THE second spectacular drama arising from the kidnaping of Charles A. Lindbergh's infant son four years and eight months ago approaches its climax.

The first drama, of course, consisted of the apprehension, trial and execution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. The second, overlapping the first, is the fantastic case of Paul Wendel. As its last act gets under way, with the federal trial starting soon in Newark, a synopsis of the complex preceding action is in order. It would read like this:

As the curtain rises it is January 1936, with Hauptmann scheduled to die within two months. Harold G. Hoffman, governor of New Jersey, is discovered alone on the stage, collecting the resentment of most of the civilized world. Two months before he had suddenly visited Hauptmann in his cell in Trenton, giving rise to rumors that he was considering a reprieve, a commutation or a pardon. He announced his belief that the German was not solely guilty, insisted that the case be reopened, stated that it "reeks with unfairness, passion and prejudice." Public reaction: the governor was burned in effigy, guards had to be stationed around his home.

The governor is chubby, handsome,

likable, aged forty. He enlisted as a private in the war and left the army a captain. Similarly he worked his way up through the political ranks, from city treasurer of South Amboy, two terms in the legislature, a term as mayor of South Amboy at the age of 29, and then Congress. In 1934, a landslide year for Democrats, this Republican's popularity won him the governorship of his state.

The first scene of our drama shows the governor's popularity dropping, however, like stock market averages in the fall of 1929. Enter during this scene Ellis Parker, Sr., a 65-year-old country detective, bald and bulky, with cunning, arrogant little eyes, long-time friend of the governor. Though he has spent most of his 43 years of sleuthing in the small town of Mt. Holly, N. J., he has had a hand in quite a few notable cases, including the Hall-Mills murder. A few years ago he wrote a book called "The Cunning Mulatto," a thin fictionalization of some of his exploits.

Not long after Gov. Hoffman made his unusual visit to Hauptmann's cell, he had a conference with Parker who then began to make an active investigation of the Lindbergh kidnaping. Parker told newspapers he too was convinced Haupt-



Wide World

Ellis Parker, Sr., detective accused by Wendel of forcing him to sign a confession

mann was not the only one involved. He said he had no evidence on which to base this conviction but that he "expected" something vital to turn up soon.

It was clear that the governor was leaning heavily on Parker's doubts as to Hauptmann's guilt because he was out on a limb in an unpopular cause. Only the discovery of the "real" culprit could vindicate his attitude. Attorney General David T. Wilentz, Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, head of the state police, and Anthony Hauck, prosecutor of Hunterdon county, all Democrats, antagonized by the governor's attitude, insisted that the case was closed and should stay closed. The governor issued a thirty-day reprieve anyhow, postponing the execution until March 31.

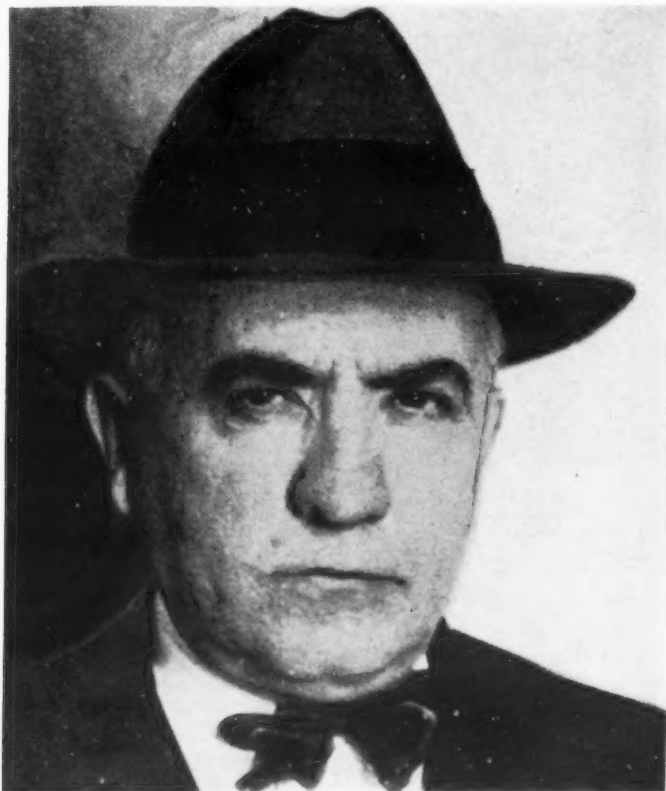
Early in February, according to newspapers, it was believed Parker told the governor he would shortly be in a position to produce the real criminal. As the date of the execution drew near excitement seethed at the news that Hoffman had visited Hauptmann's house in New York's Bronx, looking for traces of framed evidence. Speculation ran high as to whether the governor any longer had the right to reprieve the prisoner no matter what evidence he found. The New Jersey constitution limits that right to ninety days after conviction, and that period was two weeks past.

The second act opens five days before the scheduled date of Hauptmann's execution. On March 26 an astonishing rumor suddenly began to be current in Trenton that a former lawyer of that city, then in a state home for the insane, had confessed to the Lindbergh murder,



Wide World

Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Wendel's confession was to save him



Acme

Paul H. Wendel, the former Trenton lawyer, will attempt to prove that he was abducted and tortured



Acme

Martin Schlossman. He lived in the Voorheis Avenue house



Wide World

Harry Weiss, the taxi-driver. He was apprehended in Ohio



Wide World

Ellis Parker, Jr. He "disappeared" for two months



International

Murray Bleefeld, brother-in-law of Schlossman, taken in Albany

and had been arrested by Ellis Parker, Gov. Hoffman and Lloyd Fisher all denied they knew anything about it for two days.

On Saturday the 28th members of the state Board of Pardons unexpectedly received through the mail from an anonymous source copies of a 25-page document in which one Paul H. Wendel confessed to the crime. The confession stated that the baby had been taken to a Trenton tenement where it had died from an accidental fall from its crib.

Sensation! The governor's enemies accused him of sending out the confession to the pardon board. The governor denied it and called the board for a meeting on Monday the 30th, while there was still time to save Hauptmann.

Warden Kimberling announced that he would consult Wilentz as to whether he was legally bound to proceed with the execution in view of another man's confession of guilt. Wilentz demanded of Parker that he turn over the confessor to the Mercer county jail, at Trenton, on some five-year old embezzlement charges that were outstanding against him. Instead, when Mercer county detective James Kirkham, a friend of Parker, received Wendel from Parker's aides at the Mercer county line, he took the prisoner before a justice of the peace, had him arraigned and committed to jail at nine o'clock in the evening on a charge of murder.

Wilentz, Col. Schwarzkopf, Hauck and two officers of the state police went immediately to his cell. A small army of wildly excited newspaper correspondents gathered outside waiting to learn whether the "real" culprit had at last been found to snatch Hauptmann from the chair. At 3 a. m. Wilentz came out and told the newspapermen the fantastic story Wendel had told him, which is now to be tested in a federal court.

Wendel is a former pharmacist who, after teaching himself enough law to be admitted to the bar in Trenton in 1918, had been disbarred on being convicted of perjury in 1920 and, after reinstatement, had resigned expediently in 1930 in the face of embezzlement charges, since which he has earned a meagre livelihood in medicine. He is fifty, the son of a Lutheran minister, with a persecution complex and the sullen

appearance of a man who has had a lot of tough breaks. In his eyes, the hunted look of a game man almost but not quite broken under adversity; in his speech, the glibness that has come from trying too hard, too long, to put a good face on things.

He will tell you earnestly about his experiments with magnetized metals to provide a cheap substitute for electricity; about the book he is writing on the re-mineralization of the human body ("all disease is due to a deficiency of minerals in the body"); about the special foods he has devised that will do the re-mineralizing and cure kidney trouble, arteriosclerosis, tuberculosis,

insanity, influenza, etc., etc.; about his patented lotion which will stop pain more effectually than other drugs. As this drama opened, he was, he says, negotiating with a big corporation to market his mineralizing foods on a big scale. He had been selling his foods and his lotion in Trenton for six years. He has a wife and a grown son and daughter.

The story Wendel told Wilentz, Hauck and Schwarzkopf that night in the Trenton jail, which Wilentz then told newspapermen, was to the effect that he had signed the confession under torture after being kidnaped and held captive for six weeks. He declared that on Feb. 14

he had been shoved at the point of a gun into an automobile in front of the Hotel Stanford, 43 West 32nd Street, New York, where he was then living, and driven without blindfold by three men he did not know to a house near Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, exact address unknown.

He said they strung him up with chains and threatened to throw acid into his eyes unless he signed a prepared confession. At last, after several days of this treatment, he gave in. Whereupon, his story runs, he was driven from Brooklyn to Mt. Holly where he was let out in front of the house of his good friend, Ellis Parker, and told to go up the stoop and ring the bell.

Parker's son, Ellis, Jr., let him in, according to Wendel, and said "Hello, we didn't expect you until the end of the week." Wendel said he urged young Parker to "catch those fellows in that car," but young Parker paid this no heed. The elder Parker, according to Wendel, then took him, had him detained at the New Lisbon State Home for the Feeble Minded, and there forced him to sign another similar confession. Parker promised him, Wendel said, that he would thereby make a lot of money and yet be quite safe.

Wendel's story checked in several important details. The Hotel Stanford records showed he had been living there but had not returned after Feb. 14, that the next day an unidentified man came to pick up Wendel's belongings but the manager refused him access to Wendel's room. Dr. Carroll T. Jones, superintendent of the New Lisbon institution, said Wendel had been in his care, but as a voluntary inmate, though housed and put under observation at Parker's request. Observation proved, he said, that Wendel was normal.

The Board of Pardons met 32 hours before Hauptmann was scheduled to be electrocuted, to decide whether the new development was basis for a last moment reprieve. The verdict was no. Hauptmann's attorney was outraged. "There is now in jail," he screamed to newspapers, "an ex-convict against whom there are a number of indictments outstanding, who has confessed he is the kidnaper. There is only his own

(Continued on page 42)



Wide World

Gov. Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey. He believed "the complete truth" about the Lindbergh crime had not been discovered



A. A. Trimble, Cleveland salesman, who was mistaken so often for Will Rogers that he finally agreed to portray the "Cowboy Philosopher" in "The Great Ziegfeld"

Twos of a Kind

They don't get much chance to be themselves, because most of the time they're taken for other people.

YOU can get a job in the movies as a "stand-in" if you happen to look enough like one of the stars, but most of the "doubles" on this page get nothing but headaches from their resemblance to various famous (or infamous) persons. Certainly Ralph Alsman, a paper mill worker, got good and tired of looking like bad man Dillinger when police in Ohio and Michigan jailed him four times because of his face. And George Hayes' appearance nearly landed him in the electric chair when eight witnesses testified that he had shot and killed James Fitzpatrick, a chain store clerk, in a hold up. Hayes was convicted, but later police caught his double, John Farley, red-handed in a hold up, and found the gun with which Fitzpatrick was shot. The eight witnesses took it all back about Hayes and swore it was Farley after all.

A. A. Trimble, Cleveland salesman, finally cashed in on his resemblance to Will Rogers by doubling for the "Cowboy Philosopher" in "The Great Ziegfeld," although for years he kept turning down Hollywood offers. On the other hand, 85-year old Colonel Jim Moore doesn't mind being a ringer for "Buffalo Bill" Cody, because he used to be an aide of the old Indian fighter. Likewise Howard Bruce and Virginia Rendel had a part in the Exposition because of looking like Edward Arnold and Mae West, respectively. As a result of their association they plan to get married.

Among the well-known political doubles are Colonel William E. Buehler, paired with Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, and Frank Hepper, frequently hailed as the ghost of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Hepper says that lots of people don't know that Teddy is dead.



Frank Hepper, hailed as ghost of Teddy Roosevelt



Here's a second Mussolini—or maybe one's enough



George Hayes. Eight witnesses swore he killed a man



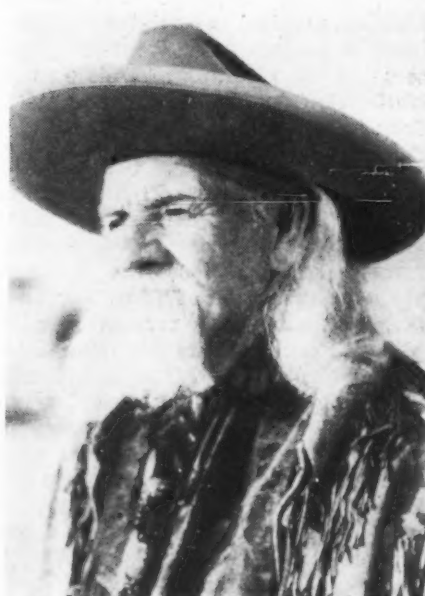
John Farley. He killed the man Hayes was tried for killing



Col. W. E. Buehler, double of Senator J. Ham. Lewis



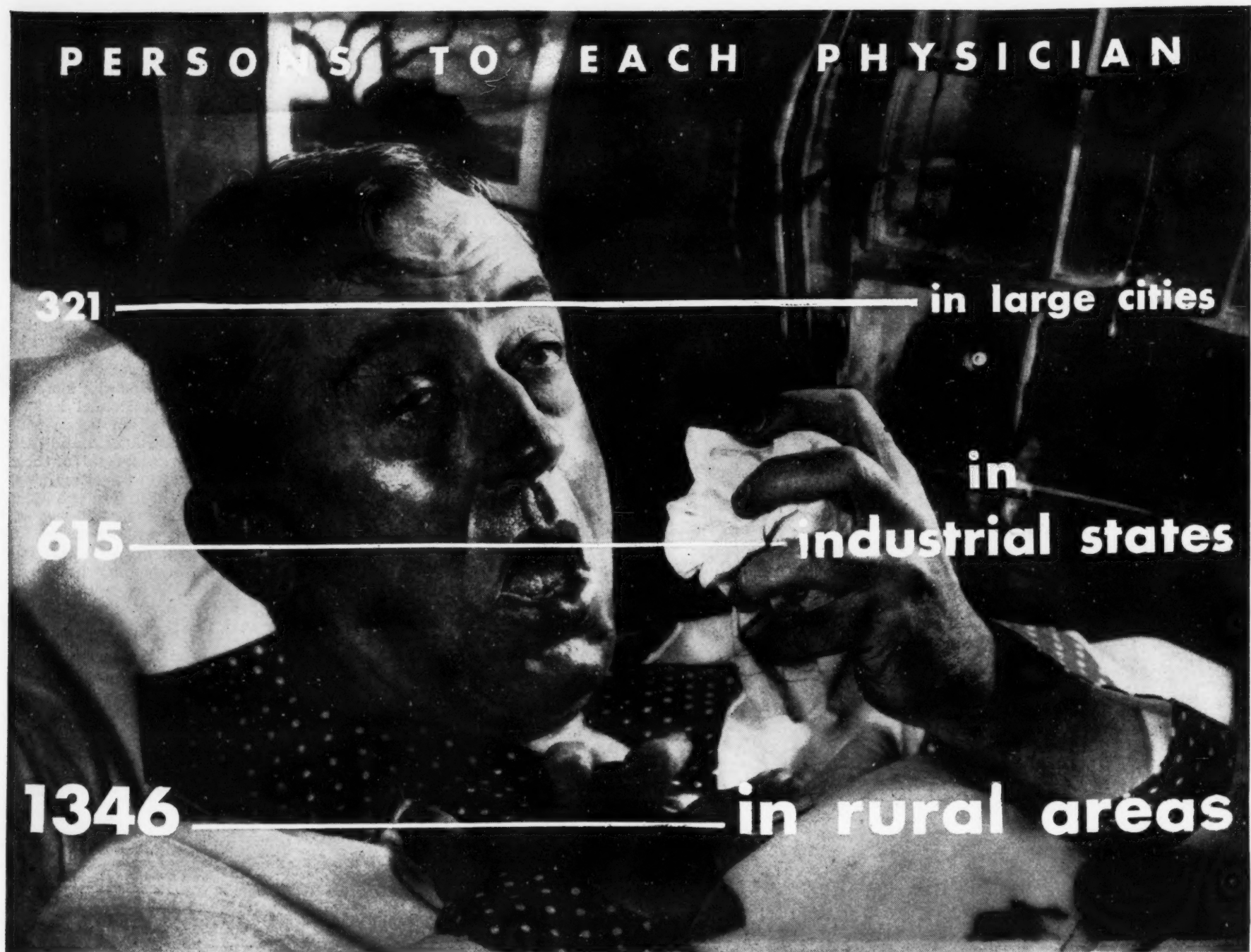
Ralph Alsman, arrested four times... he looked like Dillinger



Colonel Jim Moore, who looks like Buffalo Bill, was his aide



Mr. Bruce and Miss Rendel as Diamond Jim and Diamond Lil



Medical Care at \$35 a Year

MEDICINE is being put on trial for its disregard of the needs of rural people.

Literally suffering from want of medical care, some farmers are proceeding along the lines of health insurance and socialized medicine. Typical of the opposition which meets their efforts are such comments by medical journals as "subversive schemes for providing medical care" or "the farmers are eager to see the status quo plowed under."

Farmers in McKenzie County, North Dakota, for example, organized a "Cooperative Health Society." Money to support the three-doctor hospital which was established came from subscribers who paid fees of \$1 to \$6 a year. In return, they were guaranteed medical care at low prices. Most of the several thousand farmers who joined the cooperative group were receiving aid from the Rural Resettlement Administration. The R.R.A., in turn, expanded relief checks to cover the cost of mem-

bership in the plan. Then the powerful American Medical Association, acting through the North Dakota medical association, registered a protest at R.R.A. headquarters in Washington. Today, the McKenzie County Cooperative Health Society is no more.

In Weber County, Utah, 2,300 farm families set up eight medical cooperative organizations. The cost, varying with the size of the family, ranges around a base rate of \$35 a year for a family of four. For this fee, beneficiaries receive yearly physical and laboratory examinations, medical and surgical treatment, dental care, obstetrical services, nursing care, hospitalizations and eye examinations. Special care and some medical supplies draw extra charges. Free choice of doctors is protected. And the outcry from private practitioners is pitiful to hear.

The deficiency of doctors in rural areas has been known for some time,

but the situation grows steadily worse. In states with large rural populations the proportion of doctors becomes smaller every year. Maine, Iowa, Georgia, Kentucky and Montana actually have fewer doctors today than they had twenty years ago, when the population was considerably smaller.

In states where 70 to 85% of the inhabitants live in rural areas, the number of persons to one physician ranges from 1,196 in South Dakota to 1,541 in South Carolina. A doctor in South Carolina has three times as many prospective patients as one in California. The most pronounced drift of medical men is the one which is bringing them into large cities or other centers of medical activity. Rochester, Minn., where the Mayo clinic is established, has more doctors in ratio to its population than any other city in the United States.

The movement of doctors away from rural sections of the country is by no means confined to particular

Families of four receive treatment through cooperatives in rural fight for health

areas. It is taking place wherever the rural population is extensive. Yet there was perhaps no notion further from the collective mind of newly-graduated medical students last June than that of hying themselves into the hinterland, where men, women and children of earthy cast could receive the benefits of their abilities. Materialistic or not, our young doctors are disregarding the fact that people in rural areas have an acute need for up-to-date medical care which they are not getting.

The real impetus to socialized medicine in the farm lands will probably come from the American Farm Bureau Federation. In a questionnaire now being circulated among 1,000,000 farmers by the Federation, one question reads:

"Will the population of your community be able to support necessary medical facilities by any system, or will it be necessary to include the possibility of state or federal assistance to maintain such facilities?"

The Critical Hour

On forbidden ground inside the operating room the candid camera clicks scenes in the drama of modern surgery

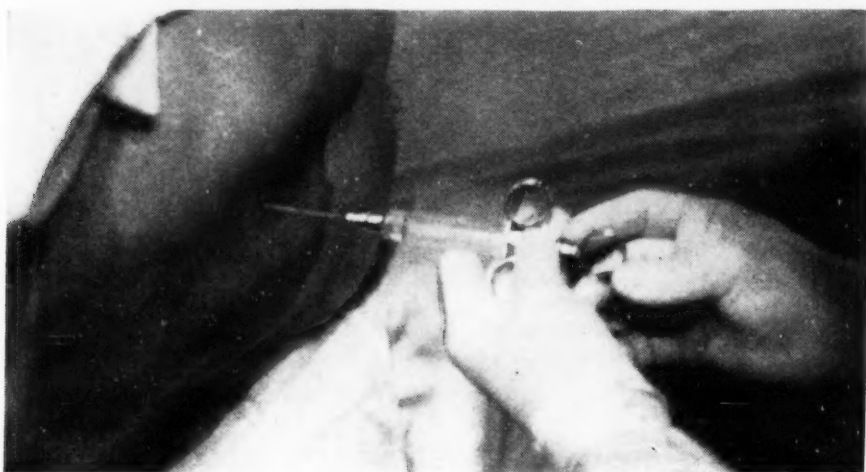
Staff photos by Nelson.



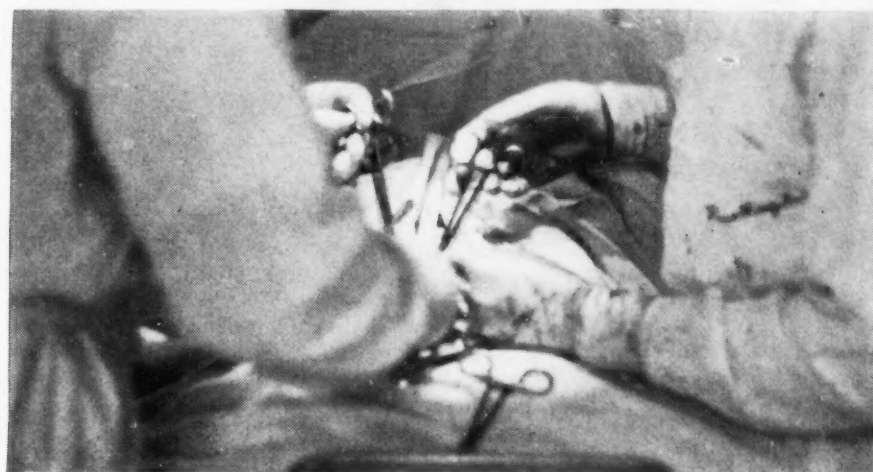
1. The patient sleeps in a state of ether-produced unconsciousness . . .



5. The surgeon, with skilled hands, steady nerves, begins his work.



2. Or is conscious without pain under a spinal anesthetic.



6. For gall, kidney and liver operations, tube-like drains are inserted.



3. The doctors gather to make the preliminary incision.



7. In the final stage . . . the surgeon's needlework . . .



4. Which is opened and held apart by metal instruments.



8. The patient is given a stimulating "shot" to revive him.

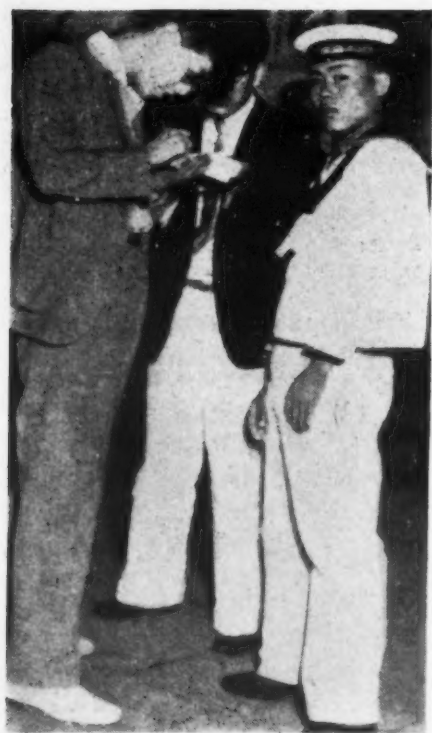


(Universal Newsreel Solbelman Syndicate)

JAPAN RUSHED hundreds of these armored motorcycles to police timid Chinese during the recent Shanghai crisis, but the undeclared warfare of 1932 was not repeated. Japan, now less sure of herself, bullies with restraint, pursues her objectives diplomatically.

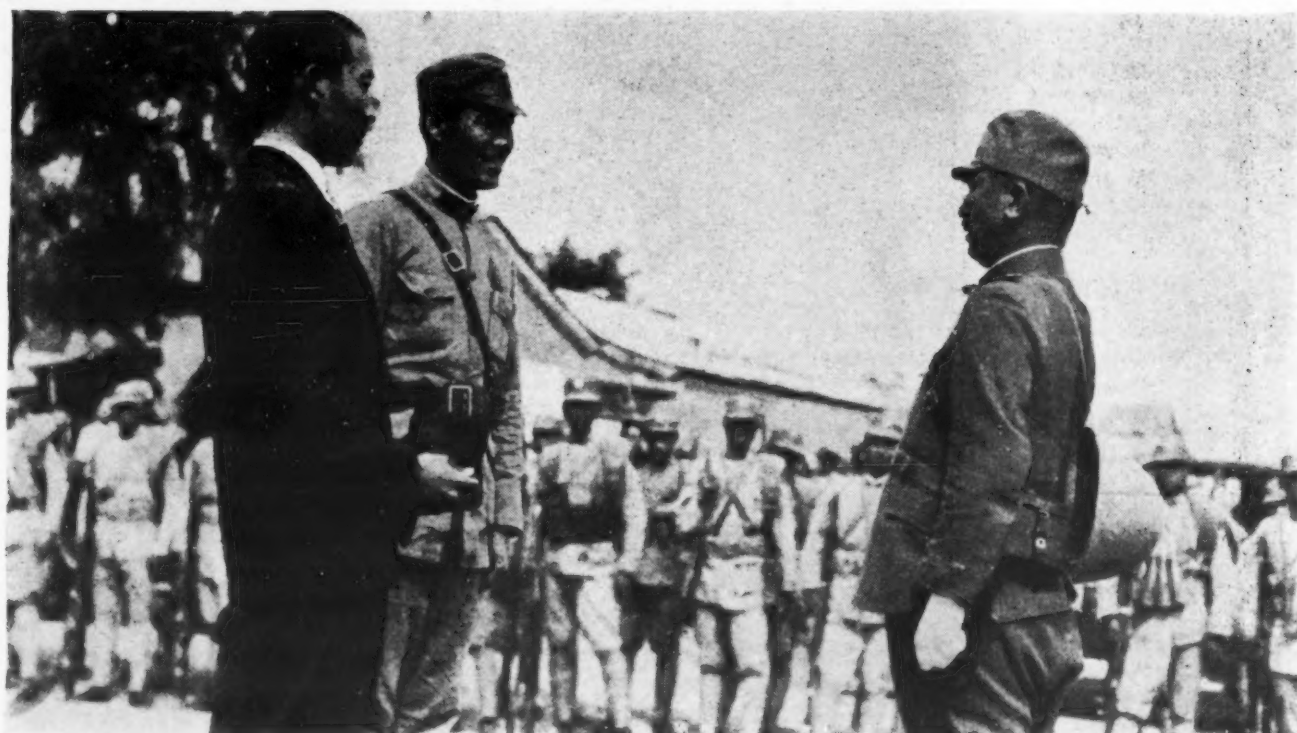
China Begins To Talk Back

Japan, not China, seems most desperate in new Far East negotiations. Nippon is anxious lest an awakening Chinese Gulliver break the strings that tie him down.



Wide World

TO IMPRESS ITSELF, China and the World at Large, Japan last week held a mighty assemblage of war craft... manned by men like Seaman Kochi.



Wide World

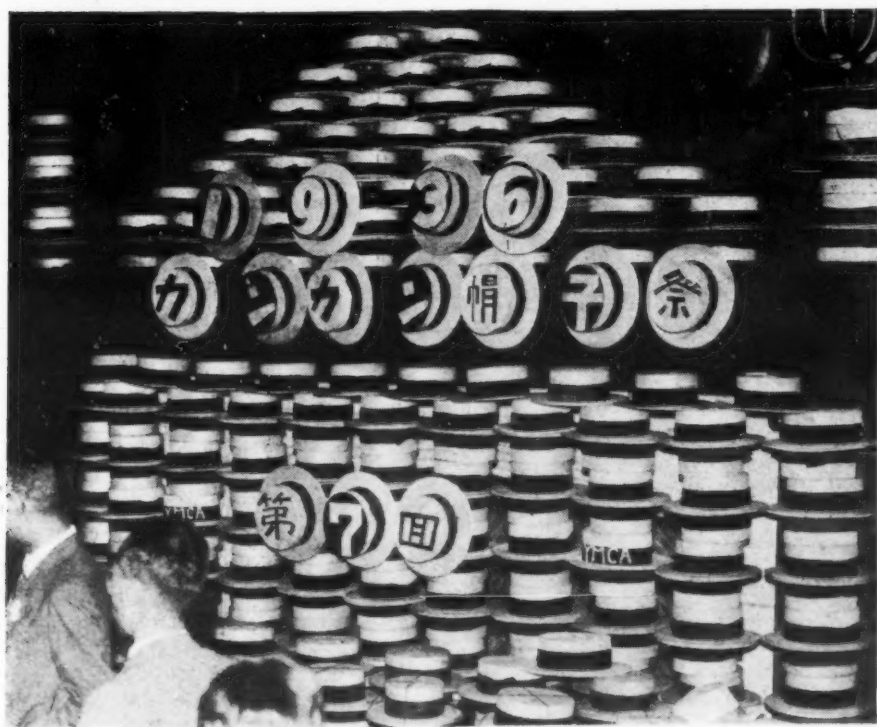
CHINESE GENERAL HSU CHANS-LIN (left) apologizes to a typical Japanese captain after the fourth "Fengtai incident". Fear is the motive for Japan's determination to place friendly governors in China's five northern provinces and to dominate inner Mongolia, which thrusts like a wedge between the Soviet and China. With this wedge in her hands, Japan would feel able to keep the Soviet and Nanking armies from meeting should the two become allies.



(Universal Newsreel Seibelman Syndicate)

ONE REASON JAPAN RUSHES TO CONTROL CHINA is that it fears the New China. More than 300,000 young men and women like the above are enrolled in the Chinese Aviation League.

Fear furnishes the real motive for Nippon's sensitivity to incidents. A new China prepares for eventualities . . . is determined to assert itself



BEHIND THE GUNS of Japan are the straw hats, light bulbs, cotton goods which she manufactures in such abundance. Late to come to imperialism, she is concentrating all time lost in an effort to make China a vassal-customer. She would dominate the business of the Far East and make the Open Door of China a Closed Door.



ONE OF THE THINGS Chinese Foreign Minister Chang Chun dared ask of the Japanese was that Japan cooperate in suppressing Japanese, Korean and Formosan smugglers.



Wide World

CHANG JUNG-HO, one of the Chinese suspected of the shooting in Shanghai, is given the third degree by the Japanese landing party. Tension slacked when it was discovered that the assault occurred on soil policed by Japan. Word passed around that the act was committed by anti-Nanking terrorists.



John L. Lewis, left, and William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, right, as they sat at last year's labor convention. Now separated by much more than an aisle, vertical unionist Lewis and craft unionist Green will wage a finish fight for control of American labor

American Labor Assembles

Delegates from all over the country will be confronted by the most vital issue in the history of the American Federation of Labor at its convention beginning November 15 in Tampa, Florida. Will

the split between the Committee for Industrial Organization and the A. F. of L. be healed? Or will the suspension order of the 10 C. I. O. unions stand? Or will the unions be expelled altogether?

AMERICAN labor is in the midst of the most important event in its history. Today, in steel centers, thousands of men and women stand with upturned faces listening to C.I.O. organizers. They stand beside blast furnaces asking themselves: what about this John L. Lewis, what about us being organized, can it be done?

Meanwhile the American Federation of Labor will house the remnants of its 2,100,000-bodied form of craft unionism in Tampa, Florida, on November 15. Nourished with the medieval idea of the guild system, in that only skilled workers can be effectively organized, the delegates' basic problem will be: What are we going to do about the Committee for Industrial Organization?

The rift between William Green, president of the A. F. of L. who represents craft unionism, and John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers Union and exemplifier of industrial unionism, began during the San Francisco convention in 1934. The resolutions committee directed the executive council to issue industrial charters to mass production industries and to inaugurate a new drive in steel. Mr. Lewis headed the eight trade union leaders in this new form of organization and fought bitterly for its enactment. With the introduced resolution he felt satisfied and shook hands all around. But at the following convention in Atlantic City it was discovered by the progressive forces that very little progress had been made. What disturbed Mr. Lewis was: nothing had

been done in steel. Then the fists began to fly.

The convention hall resounded with the impassioned speeches of Mr. Lewis for industrial unionism and with Mr. Green denouncing it and unholding craft unionism. Mr.

Green called Mr. Lewis over-drunk with ambition. Mr. Lewis arose and said: "I was one who came from the San Francisco convention last year under the presumption that the A. F. of L. had reached a practicable compromise . . . that would enable us

to organize these workers (steel) . . . But what happened? . . . They seduced me with fair words . . . Having learned that I was seduced, I am enraged and am ready to rend my seducers limb from limb."

And it was not sheer oratory. For after one of the sessions Mr. Lewis and W. L. Hutcheson of the Carpenters Union went to it with fists after words failed. And the following month, after a meeting on the closing day of the convention with eight progressive leaders, the C.I.O. was formed. The new organization, Mr. Lewis said, would not attack craft unions where they are functioning successfully. It would concentrate upon industries in which craft unions have failed. And the idea is: one shop, one union enveloping every type of work for each mass production industry.

The growth of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green's rise to power is almost identical. Both of them had tasted the grit of the mines. Both became leaders in their locals of the United Mine Workers Union. Then Mr. Green became president of the A. F. of L., and later Mr. Lewis took over the post as head of the miner's union. Until today both men are at the heads of their respective organizations, and they cannot see peace until the demands of each are granted.

In August the fight within the ranks of the A. F. of L. came to a head. The executive council met in Washington. Around Mr. Green sat the might of the craft unions. Sweat poured from their faces on that hot



With a fighting face, fighting voice, fighting gestures, John L. Lewis defies both the A. F. of L. and America's biggest industry

How Labor is divided

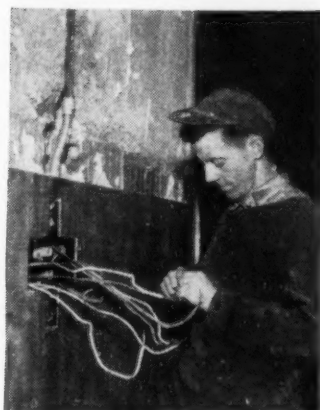
stands for horizontal unionism (one union

The A. F. of L. faces its convention with some 60% of organized labor left in its ranks. It

for each craft, functioning separately and primarily for skilled workers). Its basic problem, what to do with the C. I. O., will be decided by the remaining **103 craft unions**



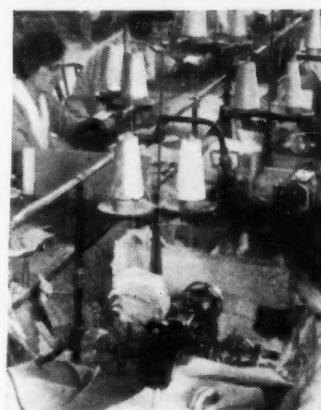
Mechanic



Electrician



Carpenter



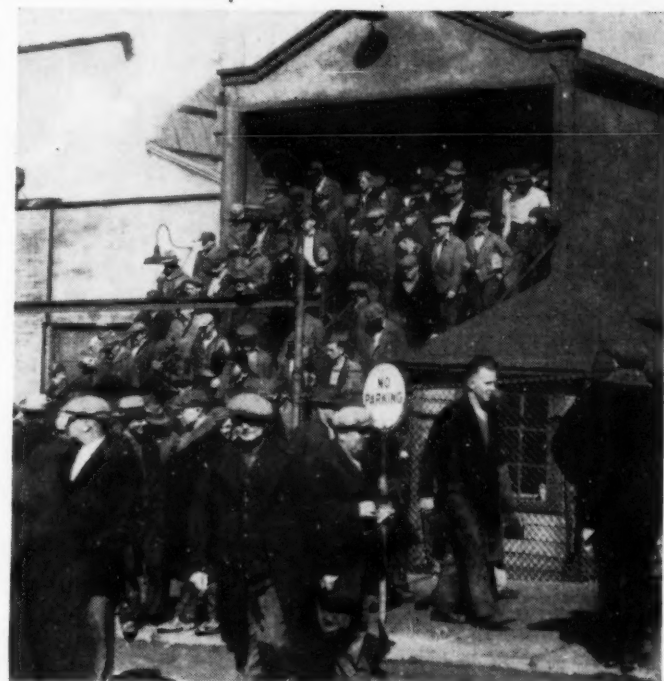
Spinner



Painter

The C. I. O. (Committee for Industrial Organization) is charged with insurrection. Ten affiliated unions with over a million workers are suspended from the A. F. of L. because they stand for vertical unionism and want to organize the 30,000,000 unorganized... Steel first, and then all mass producing industries, skilled and unskilled, straight up and down.

1 Union for one industry



The unorganized

day when they set up their arbitrary court-martial. The defenders refused to show up for trial. But the prosecution went ahead nevertheless. Likening John L. Lewis to Mussolini and asserting that the C.I.O. unions were an organized insurrection against the A. F. of L. and dismissing the possibilities of a compromise, John P. Frey of the Metal Trades Union prosecuted the absent defendants. The present thirteen members of the executive council reacted unanimously to the prosecutor's charges. David Dubinsky, of the Garment Workers Union, who was for the C.I.O., was not there.

Thus the unions affiliated with the C.I.O. were declared rebels and were given the ultimatum of dissolving the C.I.O. by September 5 or else take the consequences of suffering suspension. But Mr. Lewis disregarded the ultimatum and went ahead with his organization of steel

with a fund of a half million dollars backing his drive. And thus far over 50,000 steel workers have been already organized.

Today the split within the labor movement is still precise. With the convention on tab the unions affiliated with the C.I.O. will not be admitted as delegates. The A. F. of L. demands that the C.I.O. dissolve before they will revoke its suspension order. The C.I.O. refuses unless the A. F. of L. agrees to the industrial organization of steel and other basic industries. Meanwhile labor councils had been meeting all over the country with the C.I.O. question before them. Many of them have gone on record as favoring industrial unionism. The power they have will decide the fate of the split in Tampa. But today, with peace negotiations going on, neither Mr. Green nor Mr. Lewis can be made to accede and shake hands.



Eugene Grace—and steel's bosses

The Mystery of the Model, the Veteran and the Chef

The severed legs and head of the model were found in Boston Harbor, no trace

of the veteran has been found at all, and the chef is indicted for murder.

TWO MEN sat at opposite sides of a room through a whole long, hot night last summer, sweating and glaring at each other balefully, each with a club in his hand and ready to use it if the other made a move. The woman in the case, a 41-year-old widow named Mrs. Grayce Asquith, left them to their vigil after the first hour and went to bed, while they concentrated on not falling asleep. Formerly a photographer's model, she had once been pretty in a plump, vapid way, but had become fat and dumpy.

The scene was Mrs. Asquith's summer cottage on the shore of Whitman Pond in Weymouth, Mass. One of the men was John A. Lyons, former war veteran, aged 38, tall and handsome. The other was Oscar V. Bartolini, 50, a former chef. Strong and bulky, he bore deep scars on one side of his face as mementoes of knife wounds received in a tavern brawl the year before.

A peculiar relationship existed between the men both before and after this scene. Lyons was Mrs. Asquith's acknowledged sweetheart. Bartolini was employed by her to come and cook spaghetti dinners whenever she entertained, but he did not limit his calls to her cottage to business of this sort. Having a car, he sometimes drove Lyons to and fro between the cottage and the rooming house in Boston where he lived. Often the two men would drink together with Mrs. Asquith in the cottage. But always they watched each other like two jungle animals about to spring.

In August Lyons went to New Hampshire to visit his sister. While he was away, it is alleged Bartolini forced his way into the cottage late



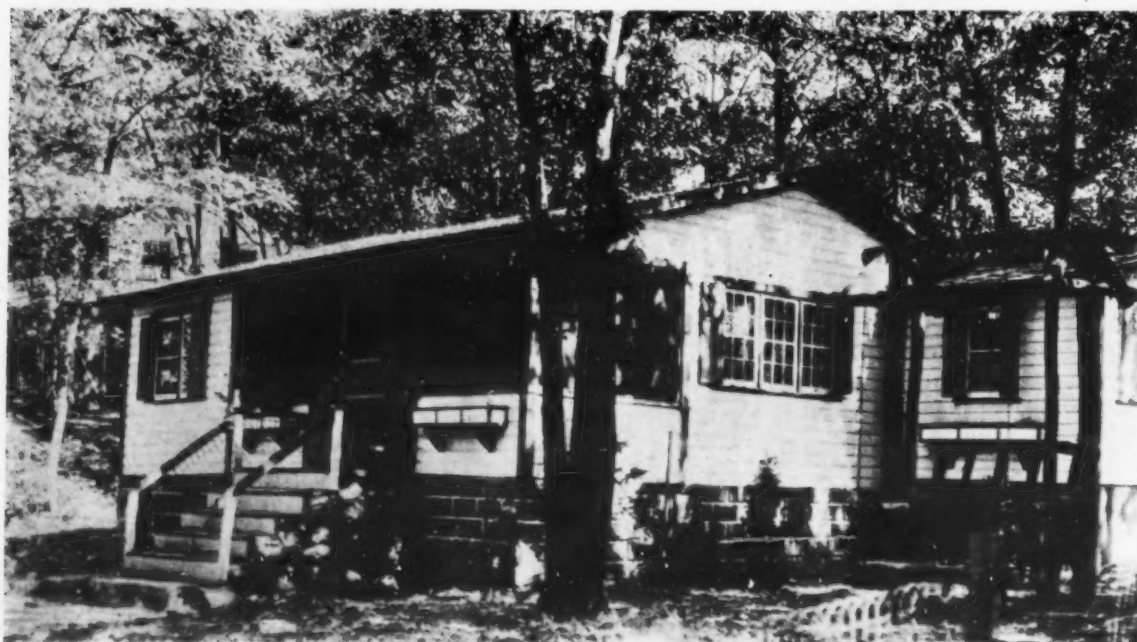
Center, John A. Lyons; right, Mrs. Grayce Asquith. The woman on the left is unidentified. Taken from a camera snapshot found in the Weymouth cottage

at night. When Lyons came next to Weymouth, over the week-end of September 12, he brought with him a friend, a marine engineer, whose presence prevented her telling him of Bartolini's unwelcome call. On September 14, Bartolini smashed up his automobile, and had to borrow a bicycle to ride to the cottage in the evening. Mrs. Asquith, alone in the house, would not let him in, being protected now by stout locks-and-chains on all her doors, and shouted at him through one of the doors to go away. On the next day, Bartolini bought a new car.

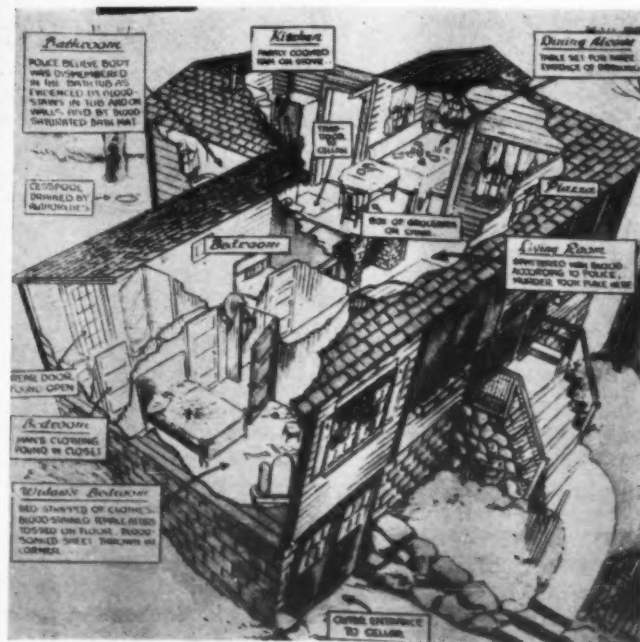
Where had he got the money to buy this car? From Mrs. Asquith? Later developments showed that just prior to this time she had closed her checking account after putting through a number of checks whose amounts had been inserted by another hand after her signature.

On Saturday the 19th of September, Bartolini called for Lyons at the latter's boarding house in Boston, drove him to the Weymouth cottage and left him there. This, it is thought, gave Mrs. Asquith the first opportunity to tell Lyons what had happened in his absence. The next morning, Sunday the 20th, Bartolini called on friends at Hull and Hingham, but refused invitations to stay for dinner at both houses.

It is alleged that he went back to the cottage, where Lyons denounced him and a violent argument ensued. Since that day neither Lyons nor Mrs. Asquith have been seen alive. On Monday the 21st, Bartolini telephoned a man in Quincy, for whom he was scheduled to install a bathtub, to say that he was ill and could not do the job that day. He called



The cottage occupied by Mrs. Asquith at Weymouth



A sketch of the cottage as it looked when the police arrived

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



Mrs. Asquith, as a photographer's model



Oscar Bartolini, now held in Dedham jail



A recent photograph of Grayce Asquith

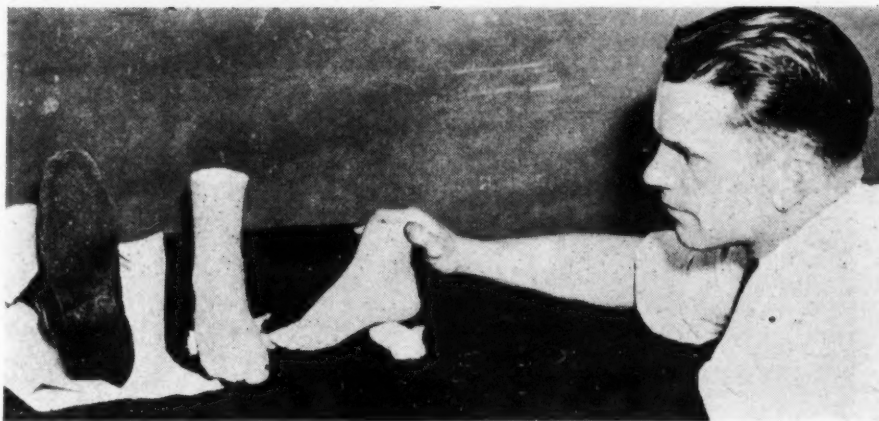
to postpone the job again the next day. On Wednesday the 23rd he finally came and put in the tub.

On Monday the 21st he went to the office of Dr. Samuel Lerner, in Quincy, for treatment for bronchitis. Dr. Lerner now recalls that at the time he made his examination he noticed Bartolini bore a nauseating and penetrating odor of the kind that clings to people after performing vivisection. Bartolini told him that it was due to his profession as a chef, though he had not practised it for several months.

Early in October a pair of women's legs inexpertly severed at the hips, was found floating in Boston harbor. The right leg, wrapped in burlap and a newspaper dated July 12, was fished out by WPA workers. Physicians said the limb had been severed less than eighteen days before. A few hours later a fisherman discovered the left leg and was so horrified after unwrapping it that he threw it back into the water. He told the police, however, and they found it again, tied in similar burlap and a piece of window-shade material.

The next day a Mrs. Isabelle Murphy of Allstown, Mass., came to the police to suggest that the legs might belong to her friend, Mrs. Asquith, whose disappearance she had already reported. The police visited the Weymouth cottage and there found grisly testimony of recent murder. The living room was lightly spattered with blood, the bed was stripped of linen and blood-stained female attire and a blood-soaked sheet were on the floor of the bedroom, more splotches of blood were in the bathroom, indicating that the tub may have been used for dismemberment. When Mrs. Asquith's shoes were found to fit the feet of plaster-casts made from the dismembered legs, police had no further doubt that the legs had been hers.

It is the natural impulse of detectives when women are slain to *chercher l'homme*. Lyons and Bartolini were the first they looked for. Lyons could not be found. Had he perhaps committed the ghastly murder and run away? Or had he, too, been slain and his body hidden?



The plaster-casts of the feet that were found floating in the harbor



Boston police drag the harbor in search of relics of the crime

Bartolini was easily found. He was jailed as a material witness, with bail set at the, for him, unattainable figure of \$50,000. It was considered significant that near the little tarpaper-covered shanty in which he lived in the rear of a two-family house at Quincy, there was a window-shade factory, with a plethora of discarded shade on the ground outside, all matching in texture the cloth found around the left leg given up by the harbor. Police also unearthed in Bartolini's home an automobile seat with stains that seemed to be blood and burlap bags not unlike those encasing both legs. Bartolini said that he drove Lyons to Mrs. Asquith's cottage on the

night of September 19, last time she was seen by neighbors, but he denied knowing anything else about the case.

One squad of police dug up ground around the cottage and dragged the pond, another dragged Boston harbor, to find the remainder of Mrs. Asquith's body and perhaps that of Lyons. After several weeks a badly decomposed head, brutally severed just below the chin, was recovered from Fort Point Channel, by a diver employed by the police. It, too, was encased in green curtain material, and was identified as Mrs. Asquith's.

Strangely, it was the effort of Bartolini's attorneys to have him released from jail as a material witness

that were the immediate cause of his being indicted on a charge of murder. The attorneys went before a federal district court in Boston claiming that Bartolini's constitutional rights were being abridged, since he himself was not accused of a crime.

While Federal Judge McLellan's decision was pending, shrewd Edmund R. Dewing, prosecutor of Norfolk county, embracing Weymouth, determined on a new strategy to keep Bartolini in his custody. He went before the county grand jury and brought charges of first degree murder against the former chef, and he produced twenty-two witnesses with enough circumstantial evidence to bring about an indictment.

It is worth noting, perhaps, that this melodramatic scene was played in the same Dedham court-room where two fellow-countrymen of Bartolini's had once been cruelly bewildered by the twists and turns of Norfolk county justice—two men named Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti.



Bartolini under arrest.

Again and Again the Children Are the Victims

A salesman vanished . . . a policeman chained his son to an iron pipe . . . three children are the innocent victims of sadism and hate . . .

DESERTION

Owen Gifford was a popular traveling salesman for a wholesale grocery firm in South Pittsburg, Tenn. One morning in August, 1928, his car was found in the streets of nearby Stevenson, Ala., with its ignition wires disconnected and no other trace of its owner available.

He had been drinking and gambling a good deal. There were rumors that he had been shot at by an irate husband. His disappearance was accepted as just another case of irresponsible and heartless wife-desertion by everyone, including his wife who, formerly living in comfortable circumstances, was then forced to go to work in a hosiery-mill for none-too-high wages to support herself and two children.

But three years later a badly decomposed, bullet-ridden body was found in the Tennessee river which Mrs. Gifford identified by its height and a scar on its back, and which dentists identified by teeth-fillings, as that of Gifford. Whereupon the body was buried in the Gifford family plot, with a military funeral at the hands of the local Legion post, and Mrs. Gifford collected \$1,000 life insurance.

She spent most of this, however, in pressing a charge of murder against J. A. Woodall, former customer of Gifford's. The shots he was supposed to have fired in his front yard the night before Gifford disappeared now seemed very ominous. Only through the testimony of a conductor who had taken up Gifford's ticket on a train enroute to Memphis that night was Woodall saved from hanging.

Mrs. Gifford likewise collected the soldier's bonus of her "dead" husband. The government demanded it back when it received a request for the money from Gifford himself, accompanied by his unmistakable finger-prints, at Reno, Nev. Gifford's brother went to Reno to establish

whether the "dead" man still lived. He found he did. Gifford had been a harvest-hand, strike-breaker, truck-driver throughout the west for years. He inquired after his wife and two sons, but expressed no wish to see them again.

Back in South Pittsburg, Gifford's Legion buddies no longer think of him as the martyred hero they "buried" five years ago, but as a man who heartlessly left his wife and kids without support, and still refuses to fulfill his responsibilities toward them.

But, incidentally, whose body was that, that was buried in a plot now marked with a gravestone reading "Owen Gifford"?



Owen Gifford, a travelling salesman, who kept on travelling and failed to tell the home office



Mrs. Owen Gifford and her two sons, Charles, 14, and Bill, 11, whom Gifford callously left behind in Tennessee



International

Mrs. Jukes pleads with a Pittsburgh court to let her have her son back

SADISM

When Albert Jukes was employed in the private police forces of a steel company in Carnegie, Pa., he learned not to be too soft in dealing with others. At least the nature of his work might be blamed for brutalizing him into such a sadist that he allegedly chained up his son, Calvin, aged 12, in a dark cellar as punishment for stealing food from the pantry.

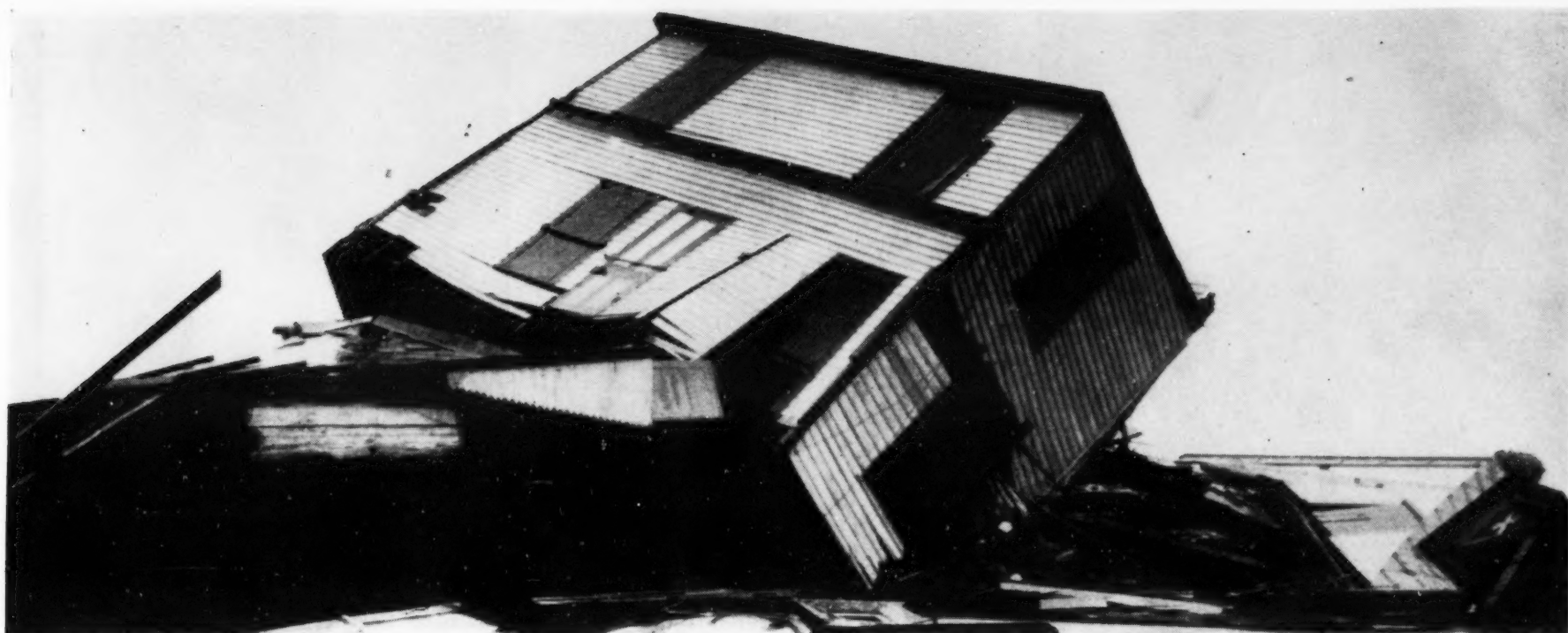
Little Calvin was handcuffed to an iron pipe in the cellar. On being rescued, his father and mother were both arrested, charged with cruelty, and he was given sanctuary by a children's welfare society. Mrs. Jukes tearfully pleaded in court for custody of her son. Her plea was refused.

In the kind of work required of private police in the steel towns, a premium is put upon a stern imposition of authority. Could not the elder Jukes plead that his cruelty to his own child was the result merely of a habit formed by his work—of an occupational disease, so to speak?



International

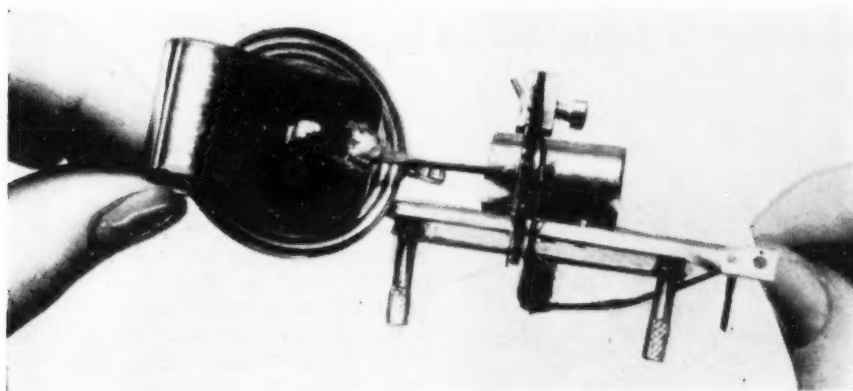
Calvin Jukes and the handcuffs with which he was bound



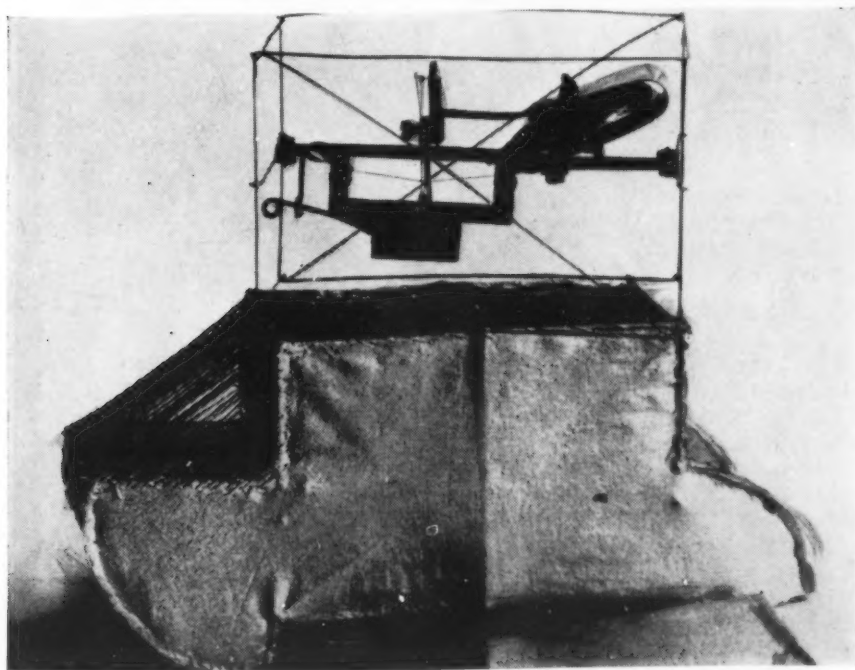
After some minutes of hurricane.

Dissecting the Hurricane

A tiny new instrument records the approach of a hurricane days in advance . . . gives weathermen detailed data on the behavior of destructive winds . . . When the hurricane finally hits, all helpful hands are on deck.



The new hurricane meteorograph. It includes a pressure-recording capsule, two metal coils that respond to temperature changes, and a strand of human hair that becomes shorter or longer with changes in humidity. Pen points attached move across smoked glass.



The hurricane recorder and the bamboo frame box that protects it on its passage through the upper air.

ONCE on its path, nothing can stop the irresistible progress of a hurricane. The only way to make it less destructive is to know its course.

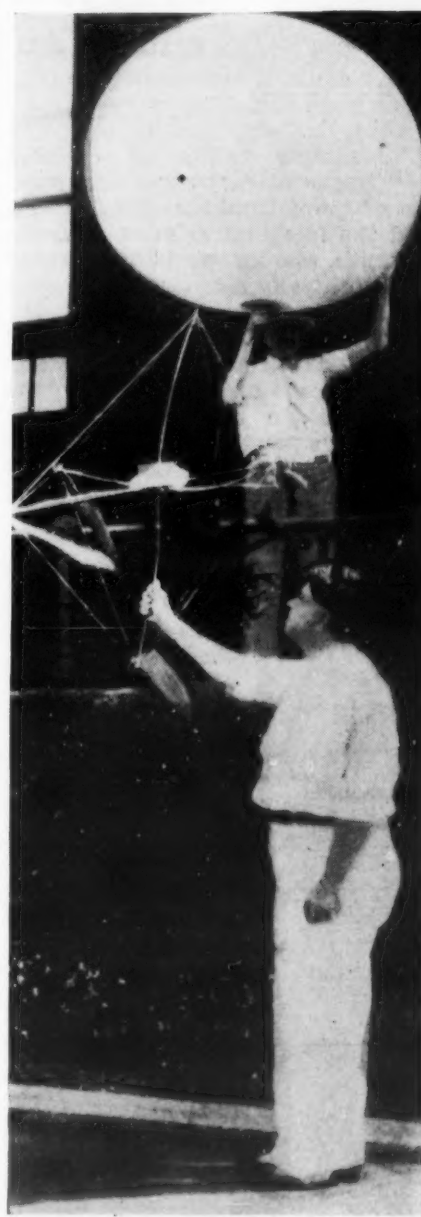
Many of us can recall headlines which read: "Hurricane Strikes Without Warning." Such is no longer possible, because meteorologists today have more than a rough idea of an approaching hurricane.

The hurricane which hit the Atlantic seaboard last September 18 was reported seventeen days before. The Red Cross, Army planes and shipping officials were prepared for it, and the damage inflicted was far less than might have been.

Seeking a technique that would still more accurately forecast hurricane dangers, weathermen of the U.S. Weather Bureau and M.I.T. have developed an automatic meteorograph that clarifies every detail of an approaching windstorm.

Weighing only 1¼ ounces, the compact little instrument records temperature, pressure and humidity in and around high velocity areas. A hydrogen-filled balloon carries the instrument ten to twelve miles above the earth. When the balloon hits its ceiling, it bursts; a light bamboo framework around the instrument acts as a parachute and retards the fall earthward. Each instrument is numbered, decorated with pieces of red cloth, given a tag that offers a reward for return.

In Washington, D.C., weather forecasters keep a sharp lookout for all tropical disturbances, then signal for release of the instrument carrying balloons. When records are finally tabulated, forecasters know the conditions that generate tropical storms, details of the various meteorological processes concerned, and how to keep destruction of life and property at a minimum.



Pieces of red cloth and a tag bring the device home.



Photos by Maxwell F. Coplan

The sleek beauty of greyhounds is more apparent in these head studies than in the sight of their fleeting forms tearing around a race track

Four-Legged Sprinters Behind a Fake Rabbit

Greyhounds were born to run and they like it, but not everyone likes to see them run. Those who don't, include mayors, prosecutors and police in many towns, but the sport continues to expand

GREYHOUND racing on enclosed tracks at night was the product of the natural speed of the dogs and the imaginative mind of Owen P. Smith, who invented and patented the electrically operated fake rabbit which always wins the races.

Prior to 1919, when Smith opened his first track at Emeryville, Calif., greyhounds were used in coursing live hares, a sport centuries old which was popular in England during the middle ages. Coursing consisted of releasing a hare and



The arched back and spindling form of the greyhound are similar to the Saluki's.



Nocturnal rivals out for a friendly daytime walk

allowing the greyhounds to give chase. Unlike the mechanical rabbits, they seldom won, and the race would end with the hare torn to pieces by the first dog to catch it. It was a fairly popular pastime in several western states, including California.

Many persons objected to coursing, however. They maintained that, far from being a sport, it was a degrading affair similar to cock fighting and dog fighting. The objections of humane societies became so strong that those associated with coursing real-

ized that some substitute would have to be found.

That's where Smith came in. He perfected the contraption which sends an imitation rabbit whizzing around an oval course at forty miles an hour. With little training, the greyhounds learned to follow it at full speed, and greyhound racing was born.

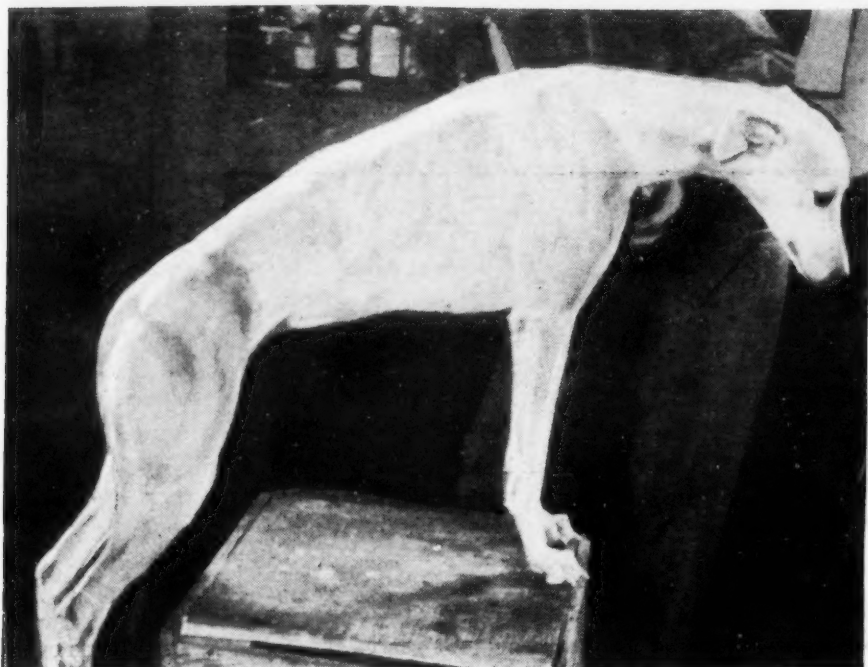
Since then the sport has caught on in some localities, has been outlawed in others and, in general, has had a stormy session with the law and the horse racing promoters wherever it

was introduced. Its popularity was assured in Florida as a winter sport, and it has flourished there more than in any other state. Florida legalized betting on the galloping greyhounds, as did New Jersey, Massachusetts and Oregon.

Various subterfuges were resorted to in those towns where the local police force frowned on betting, the most interesting of which was the picture, or option system. Under this ingenious plan, a person wishing to bet on dog No. 4 in the third race,



Racing dogs receive constant care and grooming to keep them in perfect condition for the track



Beauty, grace and speed; and there's stamina in that deep chest

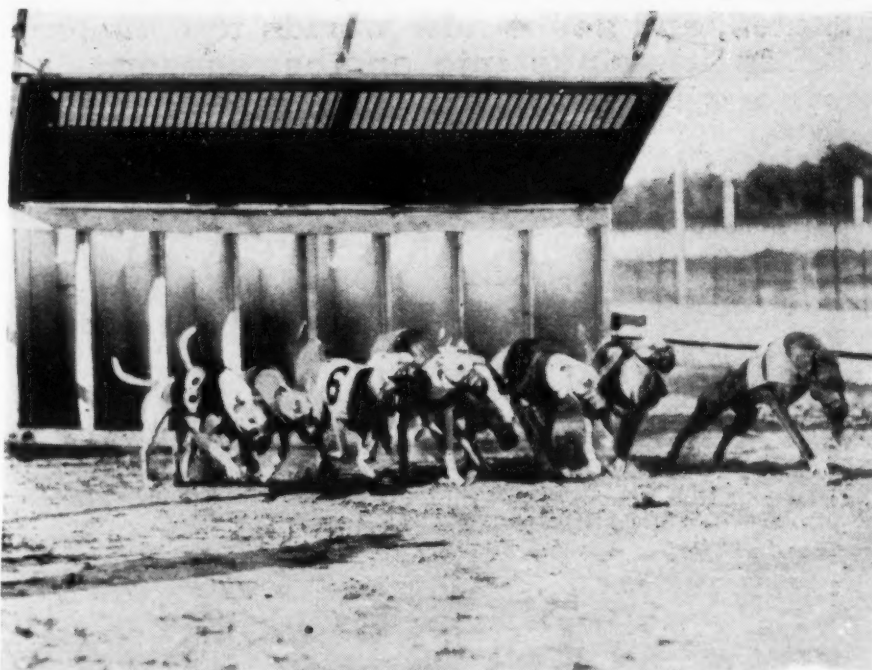


This fellow works only at night, his days are for rest

"bought" an option on him and received a picture of the dog for \$2. They were very nice pictures to be sure, but hardly worth that much. If dog No. 4 won, his value increased, and anyone who held an option on him wouldn't think of selling it for only \$2, but would cash it in at the option window for \$3 or \$4, depending on the odds. The race promoters, of course, didn't call them "odds"; the whole thing was strictly a business deal.

Odds or not odds, the police of many cities did not approve of that system, and greyhound racing provided as much action in the courts of the land as it did on the brightly illuminated tracks.

Much of the opposition to dog racing has come from the horse racing interests. The costs of operating a race track, and training, feeding and transporting horses exceed by far that of running a greyhound track. The possibility of dog racing becoming a serious competitor to horse racing is ever in the minds of the horse racing set.

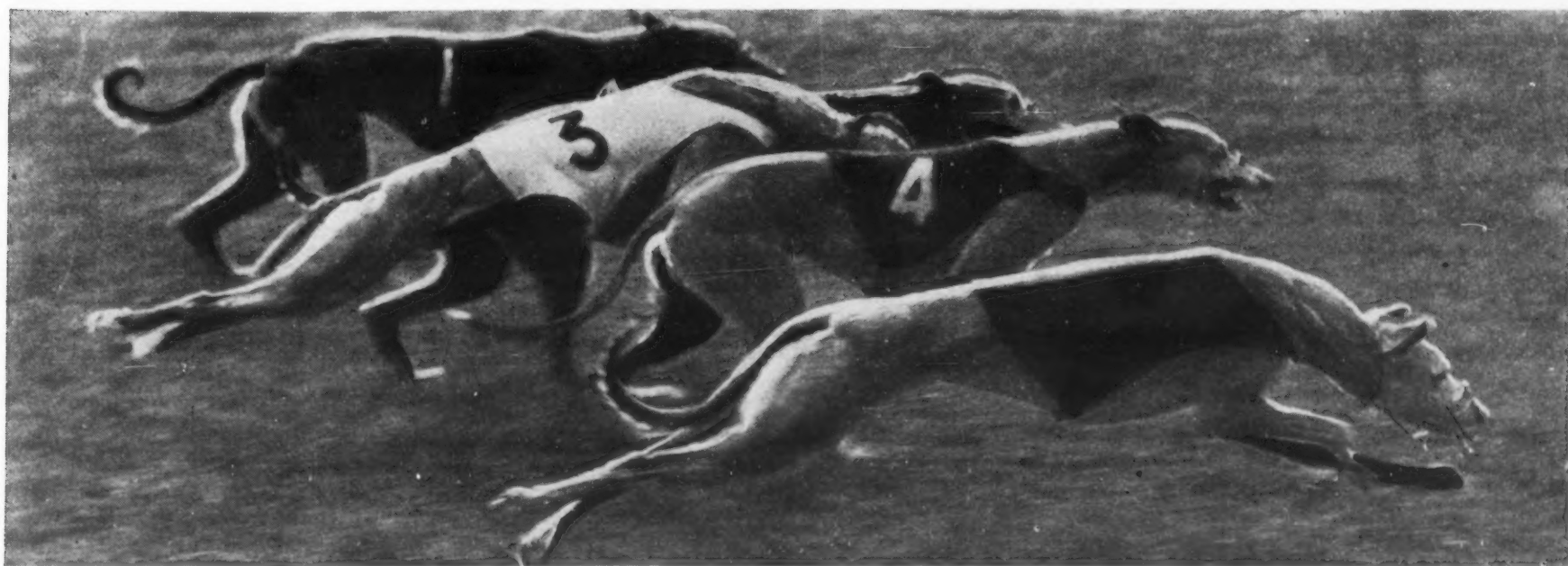


The pack leaps out of the starting stalls for a mad dash after a rabbit they will not catch

As things stand now, Florida and California are the centers of greyhound racing and probably will remain so. Small towns and industrial centers usually disapprove of the sport, although it is called, among other things, "the forgotten man's sport."

The reason for the disapproval lies in the fact that the dog tracks usually attract persons who cannot afford to risk their two or three dollars on a sport about which they know nothing. The lure of easy money is always present when the dogs start running, though, and working men are inclined to take a chance with money needed at home. That is why so many civic leaders and local authorities do not extend the hand of welcome to the long-legged sprinters.

As with horse racing, dog racing cannot exist unless betting is allowed at the tracks, for half the thrill of a race lies in seeing one's favorite leading the pack, especially if one has a wager on its black pointed nose. Otherwise there is little interest in the outcome of the race.



Good racing greyhounds like these often catch the spirit of the race and try to beat their rivals for the fun of it, forgetting even the elusive rabbit speeding ahead of them



International

KEELING CAUGHT OFF-KEEL

Butch Keeling, of the Rangers, finds himself in the Detroit net after a mix-up. The puck lands under the Detroit goalie

ON THE night of December 15, 1925, a genteel crowd stood in Madison Square Garden in New York while a band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." White ties, white gloves and evening gowns glistened in the flood lights. It was strictly a society crowd, attending a coming out party.

When the band finished, the New York Americans made their debut into the National Hockey League on the Garden ice, and professional hockey was here to stay. The crowd, which was frankly sceptical of the whole idea at first, went home babbling of body checks and stick handling. Most of the first night audience had come because the game was played as a benefit for the Neurological Institute, but when they left the Garden they were rabid hockey fans.

The giant from Canada had invaded Boston the previous year, in the form of the Boston Bruins, but its immediate success in New York, and later in Pittsburgh, established hockey as a permanent addition to the American sports scene.

Its appeal was not confined to social lights, though, even though that first New York game catered to the carriage trade. The wise men who brought hockey to the big cities were too smart to limit their patrons to one social strata. They saw to it that the fight crowds and baseball fans heard rumors around town that hockey players were murderers at heart and that their sticks really were carried for the sole purpose of cutting open their opponents' heads.

Those rumors sounded promising to the gallery gods, and they turned out in droves to get a look at this new form of murder on skates. They found that the rumors weren't so malicious either, and that more action was packed into a hockey game than was found in the average fight card.

In 1926 the giant took over more territory when the New York Rangers, Detroit Cougars and Chicago Black Hawks joined the league. Attendance figures were shooting upward now and women were becoming just as rabid fans as the men.

Women took to hockey for good reasons. The game was faster than baseball and not so rough as fighting. They didn't object to seeing men knocked down so long as they got up again, and besides, hockey games could be attended in comfort. Rain or snow never spotted a new dress in the warm, well-lighted arenas where

The Giant From Canada

Professional hockey has gone a long way since it crossed the border into the United States, and seeks new worlds to conquer as it swings into another season



International

SWINGING STICKS

The Detroit Red Wings are surrounded by Toronto Maple Leafs but stand off the assault with sticks held high



Wide World

VETERANS ALL

These Rangers played in the team's debut ten years ago and are still going strong: Murdock, Bill Cook, Boucher, Bun Cook, Johnson

the games were played.

Growth of the game can be traced to the vision of the late Tom Duggan, the Montreal sportsman who realized that if only Americans could get a good look at hockey, they wouldn't be able to resist its appeal. Duggan was a good showman, and before he died eight years ago, the giant from Canada was well on his way to becoming a naturalized American. At least he had his first papers.

Duggan sold the idea in Boston to Charles Adams, whose Bruins were an immediate success. Then he moved on to New York where he found Big Bill Dwyer an interested audience of one. Dwyer liked the idea fine. He thought that hockey would be an ideal tenant for the new Madison Square Garden, and, with Tom Duggan to back him up, he paid a friendly visit to Tex Rickard.

Tex was not so easy to convince as Dwyer had been. Any sport that didn't have a roped ring as its scene of action was a sissy sport to Tex, and besides, he thought hockey was "one of those durned furrin games." But Tex saw the light at last.

All that Duggan and Dwyer needed was the word to go. They bought the franchise and team of the Hamilton Tigers, re-christened them the Americans and witnessed with glee their auspicious debut, confident that their faith had not been misplaced.

As each team was established, local fans lost no time in developing intense partisanship. Community pride was reflected in the red hot rivalries that sprung up between different American cities, and the feeling in New York between Ranger and American fans resembled that between the followers of the Yankees and the Giants.

The mushroom growth of professional hockey stimulated interest in college and prep school games, too. Hockey is now a major college sport and amateur leagues of all sorts have been formed all over the continent.

As further proof that Tom Duggan's vision was sound, hockey proceeded to jump over international boundaries throughout the world. London now has seven rinks. Almost every country in Europe was represented in the 1936 Winter Olympiad at Garmish-Partenkirchen, and Japan had a team there, too. The giant has even spread to South Africa, where a rink is being erected at Johannesburg.

The Wenches Wrestle

Nordic or negroid, they take up the aged sport and put new fury into its sinews. Wrestling for women gives an emotional release and a muscular build - up



Black Star

Choco men impassively stay on the sidelines during the fight



Black Star

BROADWAY sees a modernized Katarina hop to it with the village blacksmith, this season: but when Katarina was still eating Farina, Choco women were experts at the game. Before the Choco wrestling season opens, the women train rigorously with exercise and diet, getting plump, shiny, and healthy in preparation for the season's risks.

Choco wrestling involves all holds, all stands, all degrees of animosity. Hair is pulled, eyes are scratched, muscles torn and backs sprained but it's all good clean fun to the Choco. The contestant who touches the ground with anything but her feet is out. The sport is a social clearing-house, and a matrimonial market. The Choco men, uncivilized enough to want their women to work for them, need tough, resilient mates.

Choco women and their aboriginal

sisters of other tribes do not have the only corner on the wrestling market. A few years ago publicity was given to wrestling as a form of protection for women on dark city streets. Diagrams and pictures showed how the female could disarm her assailant (if she was lucky enough to have one) by breaking his finger or throwing him over her shoulder as she walked off down the road. Lately the women have come into the open and admitted that they like the sport for itself.

In Germany, Jiu-Jitsu is scientifically taught at the women's training camps and the results are formidable to the men but enjoyable to the girls.

What future wrestling can have as a woman's sport in America depends on whether hardy female ex-suffragettes want to take their political disputes into the ring.

Barbers lose trade on this one



Black Star

The lady nearest the ground is out of the running



Black Star

Germany. Pupils of Erich Rahn demonstrate a hold



Sisal fiber is dried and bleached in the hot tropic sun



When thoroughly bleached, it is stacked and baled for shipping

SISAL growing is one of the most important of all industries in tropical Latin America.

The greater portion of the binder twine, essential in the operation of all the wheat harvesting machinery of the United States, is manufactured from the long, tough silky fiber of the sisal plant. In fact the bread supply of America may be said to hang by a string.

Although the State of Yucatan in Mexico has been for over half a century the principal source of raw sisal for the cordage mills of this and many other countries, vast sums of United States capital are now being expended in the establishment of plantations in the islands of the West Indies. An American company owns one of the largest plantations in the world—20,000 acres in one field—near Cape Haitien on the north coast of Haiti.

While sisal finds its principal use

By Virtue of Sisal We Eat Bread

By Edward Tomlinson

The West Indian republic of Haiti is rapidly becoming one of the chief sources of sisal fiber. In a recent trip to this French-speaking "Black Man's America," Edward Tomlinson found Yankee scientists and agricultural engineers transforming the undeveloped sections of the island into thriving sisal plantations

in serving the grain industry, and thereby helping to supply our daily bread, it is also utilized in the manufacture of countless other products. The finest of ropes and twines are

made of sisal. Summer hats made of sisal fiber now vie with the finest of Panamas both in texture and beauty. On display in many of the largest department stores are ladies'

sisal purses and handbags dyed in colors to match every dress.

Sisal rugs are becoming the vogue for summer houses. Easily cleaned, and especially durable they are sometimes mistaken for ordinary wool rugs. Moreover they are cheap. One leading mail order house advertises 10 x 14 sisal rugs for as low as \$8.00.

Even automobile cushions are now being stuffed with sisal fiber. While lamp shades made of sisal, bedroom slippers and cushion-cups for highball glasses are commonplace in many households.

Although the growing of sisal has long been a leading enterprise in India, East Africa and the Islands of the Dutch East Indies, the plant is a native of tropical America. In fact the *agave sisalana*, to give it its scientific name, is nothing more than the old time American century plant highly domesticated.



Students demonstrating hat and basket weaving to Edward Tomlinson



A primitive Haitian twine and cordage establishment



The Haitian twine maker utilizes the feet as well as the hands

Tomlinson-Luey Photos

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly

The Public Loves It

Human chopping blocks and targets are always in demand by the millions who would like to try it themselves

EVERY person, at one time or another, feels like doing something silly. Perhaps he feels like climbing up the side of a tall building or allowing himself to be shot from a

cannon. But caution, or fear, or the inclination to remain with the crowd and not be conspicuous, prevents him from giving in to the urge. He enjoys doing the next best thing, however, and that is to watch other people do the eccentric things he cannot do himself.

Circus crowds are held spellbound every night when the human projectile shoots from the cannon's mouth. They are thrilled because they unconsciously put themselves in his place, and enjoy a mental trip through the air. A flagpole sitter always draws a crowd, which will stand and gape for hours, wondering what makes him do such a silly thing, and secretly thinking that they'd like to try it some time.

There always will be performers to entertain the public with unusual, dangerous or downright moronic stunts. The public loves it, and if it had just a little more nerve, it would probably be up on the stage allowing someone to shoot a cannon ball at itself.

Many persons, on seeing the durable Mr. Richards dumped to the ground by a cannon ball, will remark that he has chosen a strange field in which to make a living. The field is not so strange, however. He is merely satisfying a deep human urge which people have. They like to see others as they would like to be seen: doing something silly. And they love it.



Wide World

R. Coleman is lying on nails while the wood chopping goes on



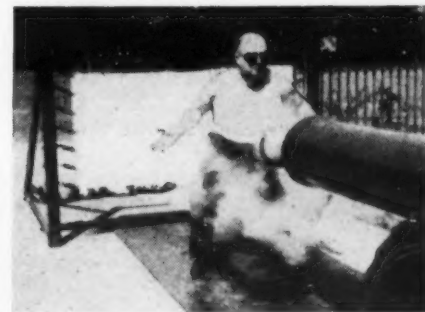
A human harp is Hollywood's contribution to the silly season as these girls rehearse for an elaborate scene



Keystone

A dairy show in London was brought to the public's attention by having milk maids take part in a race with milk cans as obstacles

November 18, 1936



Wide World

Frank A. Richards is hardly ever injured when the 140 pound cannon ball hits him . . . he's unconscious for only a few moments

The Theatre of the Moment

By George Jean Nathan

THAT most skilfully ingenious invention of the Brain Trust for wasting money, the Federal Theatre Project, has lately surpassed itself on the Brain Trust's behalf by squandering a quarter of a million dollars or so on twenty-three separate productions of a weebegone dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here." I somehow haven't up to the moment of writing been able to get around to see the productions in Los Angeles, Miami, Omaha, Chicago or even Yonkers, but it is safe to assume that they are no better and that the play itself is no different from the exhibit at the Adelphi in New York, and the exhibit at the Adelphi in New York, my friends, is, I may tell you, eminently dinkissimo. If it is the sort of thing that the Federal Theatre Project, judging from the publicity sent out in advance, considers a sterling achievement, worthy of congratulatory nosegays, all I can say is that the Brain Trust should add to its personnel as quickly as possible Gustav Blum, Delos Chappell, the Minsky brothers and Wee and Leventhal and appoint them dictators of dramatic art in America.

Sinclair Lewis as a novelist has long had no more lush booster than myself. From the day of "Main Street," with but slight lapses, I have been a veritable Dexter Fellowes in press-agenting his virtues. In various journals of literary criticism ranging from the *Week-End Review* in London to the *Mercure de France* in Paris and from the *Querschnitt* in Berlin to the *Police Gazette* in New York, I have composed essays in his honor, all embellished with fragrant phrases worthy of a movie fan. I have performed orally in his behalf in the Sorbonne, at Oxford, at the Mooch, Oregon, high-school, at Harry's Bar in Paris, in no less than two hundred beer halls in Germany, and on one occasion for two hours on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral at three o'clock in the morning.

But when he tries to turn playwright, I fear that I have to pull in my oars. That is, when he turns playwright without first exercising the precaution to hire some collaborator like Sidney Howard, as in the instance of "Dodsworth."

A novelist who can hold his head high in the toniest literary company, as a dramatist he is, it pains me to whisper, out in the butler's pantry. He simply doesn't know the stage, a weakness which he shares with many another estimable novelist who has tried to edge himself back of the footlights. Laying hold of his own novel which, whatever anyone could critically say against it, contained a glowing heat and a spreading fire, he has so doused it with the cold water of inefficient playwrighting that nothing remains of it on the stage but a wet sizzle. A diatribe against Fascism that might have made its audience indistinguishable from one of the more boozy sessions of the French Chamber of Deputies and caused it to bite itself in spontaneous excitement, it comes through the proscenium as tepidly as a Dodie Smith version of "Arrest That Woman." So far as the theatre goes, the Federal Theatre Project might infinitely better have sent a copy of the book to each ticket purchaser and told him to get his wife and children to put makeup on their faces and read it aloud to him in the family parlor.

The program announces that Mr. Lewis collaborated in the dramatization with one Moffitt, a former movie critic, although report hath it that the job was rather all his own. If this Prof. Moffitt actually did have anything to do with it, he must be a poorer hand at playmaking than Mr. Lewis himself, and the latter should give him a ticket to Hollywood and instruct the local police to keep him there permanently. The staging, direction and acting were fully up to the Federal Theatre Project's standard, which is all of an eighth of an

inch high.

It is never my practice as a critic to engage in the hopeless task of trying to make towers of sagacity out of dunces, but I risk a few words to the controlling spirits of the Project. That they will, of course, be wasted is certain, yet that old constructive critical yen of mine, for which I am famous, on this occasion gets the better of me. While it seems to be out of the question to expect anything not excessively musky in the way of acting, staging and direction from the enterprise, it should at least be possible for the Project to waste the public's good money on some plays little known to the present-day stage which might enjoy not only a curiosity draw but which, in addition, would have a considerable share of instructive value. Some of the Aristophanes comedies and some of the lesser known Restoration plays are suggestions. But I have an even better constructive suggestion. Let the Federal Theatre Project promptly call it a day and shut up shop altogether.

I share the rich bewilderment of my critical colleagues as to why George Abbott imagined it would be a gala idea to write a new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and offer it to the theatre in this advanced day and age. And I share an even richer bewilderment with myself as to why his backers, the Hollywood Warner Brothers, imagined it would be a profitable investment. In fact, although now the whole thing is over and done with, I am still scratching my head. It might be possible, of course, for a great wit to take hold of Mrs. Stowe's ancient tale and convert it into the stuff of ironic and more or less juicy entertainment. But Mr. Abbott makes no pretenses of being a wit and while many people have laughed at the Warner Brothers the merriment has hardly proceeded from any conscious esprit and humor on the part of the

brothers. What Mr. Abbott did was soberly to leave the basic fabric of the old play intact and through some misguided revisions to take out of it every trace of its pristine valuable 10-20-30 bounce. He engaged a competent troupe of actors to play his script and he found in Donald Oenslager a scene designer who here and there did his share of the enterprise happily, but the evening was nevertheless a profound bore.

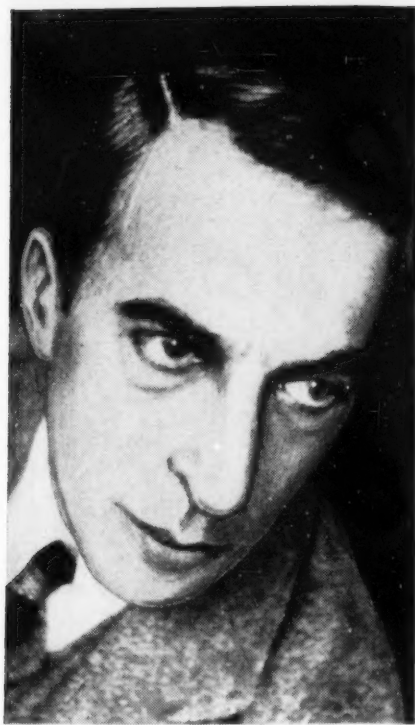
Whatever criticism may have had to say of the old Tom shows—and it had a lot to say that didn't sound any too polite—those shows at least provided some good old-fashioned peanut-gallery excitement. Mr. Abbott's show (he called it "Sweet River") hadn't the excitement of even a stock company's performance of something by A. A. Milne. In the old Tom exhibits, the spectacle of Eliza crossing the ice with a couple of sheep dogs made up as bloodhounds in mad pursuit and the spectacle of Little Eva ascending to heaven on wires wound with tinsel were pretty hot stuff. I myself, a notoriously cynical youngster, fell out of the gallery on no less than eight different occasions because of an excess of high blood pressure induced by them. At the Abbott version, not only did no one fall out of the gallery, but after a day or two there was no one in the gallery to fall out. His Eliza crossing the ice scene looked like the window of Schrafft's at Christmastime; his bloodhounds were evidently drafted from the *Social Register*; his Eliza comported herself with the athletic dignity of a lady croquet champion; and the whole grand old scene took on all the theatrical life of a storehouse night-watchman. As for the Eva going to heaven scene, he cut it out altogether. Cries of "Treason! Treason!" led by Martin Beck, Max Gordon, Mrs. Katzenberg and the Duke de Verudra rang out at the premiere, and an old Southern colonel named Gilbert Gabriel achieved such a pitch of indignation that it took hours and six ushers to quiet him.

We all of us go wrong occasionally, but it seems to me that Mr. Abbott on this occasion went even wronger. Even if it were well done, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" couldn't be anything but a tedious curio at this time in our theatrical lives.

It has taken a musical show, as is so often the case, to liven up things in this particular period of the local stage. Its name is "Red, Hot and Blue"; its authors are the Messrs. Crouse and Lindsay; and its tune chef is Cole Porter. With Reichsfuehrer Jimmy Durante (Heil! Heil!) handling the comedy and with Ethel Merman handling the songs, it tosses a dandy lot of entertainment at an audience and is to be commended to the paying attention of all lovers of the serious drama who can't find any decent serious drama around these days to spend their money on.



Three men on a play. Russel Crouse, Cole Porter and Howard Lindsay, whose "Red, Hot and Blue" is a hit musical of the current Broadway season



Artef's guiding light—Benno Schneider

THE Artef Theatre plays to what is probably the greatest return audience in New York. Theatre-goers pay as many as half a dozen visits to a production at that tiny playhouse—Broadway theatre-goers to a play delivered in Yiddish by actors who are not professionals, who before the evening's performance have put in a working day making buttonholes, cutting pants, working a needle. They come, audiences do, to witness a harmony of ensemble, and a directorial originality quite without parallel in the Broadway theatre.

Benno Schneider, Artef's guiding genius, is a native of Nijni-Novgorod where in his early youth he joined a workers dramatic club. At seventeen he went to Moscow, studied first with Stanislavsky then with Vachtangov, appearing eventually with the Habima Players as an actor. In 1926 the Habima company made its historic visit to this country—which lasted through two seasons and when the aggregation returned to Palestine Mr. Schneider remained here. He was requested by a group of dramatic students—members of trade unions who had banded together out of a common love of acting, to teach them the art of makeup as practiced by those masters of makeup, the Russians. He taught them, not only makeup but the art of acting as conceived by Benno Schneider.

During the early years it took months to prepare a production. The actors were able to rehearse only at night and never having acted before, they had no facility for rushing slickly into characterization. Today after twenty productions under Mr. Schneider they are able to study, rehearse and open a play in six weeks of evening work—a play which for roundness and polish and style of presentation is not outdone east or west of Broadway.

The best drama, Schneider maintains, is illuminating, moralistic, exciting to the nervous system. To accomplish this end he has developed a technique that permits the actors to slip from the conventions of fantasy to the bitterest realism.

A Unique Theatre...

Under the guidance of Benno Schneider, the Artef has created an original technique of acting which is influencing the American stage



200,000 by Sholom Aleichem, the Jewish equivalent of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, deals with a poor tailor who wins the grand prize in a lottery



The tailor and his helpers . . .



who both love their master's daughter



The tailor's fair weather friends



The master and his lackey

Movie Stuff and Stuffings

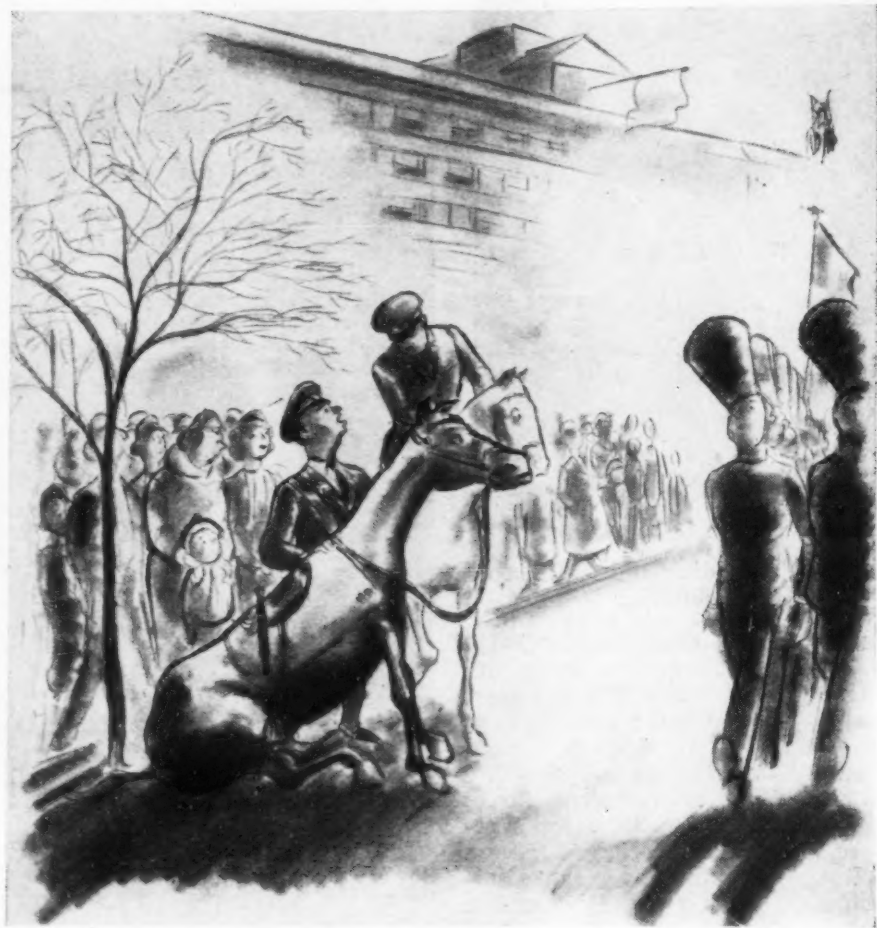
THE new Katherine Hepburn film, "A Woman Rebels," produced by RKO Radio, is one of those heart-appeal stories, laid in Victorian England, in which Miss Hepburn as Pamela, the genteel and rebellious daughter of a sourpussed law-maker named Thistlewaite (wow!) goes to bat as the champion of women's rights. As usual, Miss Hepburn is magnetic, and brave, and beautiful, the film tragic and tender and tearful, and if you wish more of the adjectives you'll see in the ads, lovely and luminous. And at this late date I'm still trying to find out why I was bored stiff.

I imagine one of the reasons is the anti-tragic atmosphere that surrounds this potentially tragic story. Surely, any film that started out to recount the history of a Victorian girl, reared in a brutal, frozen home, schooled in the pages of Miss Ellis' Daughters of England (with special chapters on needlework and brocade), who was seduced out of ignorance and loneliness, who bore an illegitimate child in terror of scandal, who faced a malicious society and an implacable morality, is dipping into strong tragic stuff. But such hackneyed devices are used to tell the tale, such an air of artificial misery surrounds Miss Hepburn, she is so pictorially invincible, so cinematically brave, that almost nothing of what it feels like to go through these things is communicated. Fake, is what you say out front. From what could have been a good story, we are left with an optimistic tale of a lady who suffered and won, and with a shallow treatment of the abiding problem of the social equality of women. It's a woman's picture, moderately mediocre, and will probably have the ladies' sewing circles from here to Kansas City flocking to see it, and crying their eyes out too, but, for the sake of all those who have

ever been mothers, and all those who have made a mistake anywhere from a summer-house, like Miss Pamela, to a park-bench, please tell me if there was ever a seduction such as Pam's—Pam weeping, Gerald saying, What's the matter? Pam flopping into his arms, and cut,—or how women get so psychic that all that is necessary is to look into their eyes, burst into tears, and bingo, they know you're about to have a chee-ild. I admit I'm no expert, but what the hell, pal, I've been around. . . .

The Magnificent Brute. Universal. With Victor McLaglen.

This one has barrel-chested McLaglen left-hooking, guffawing, swaggering, as a steelhand in a steel mill in a steel town. Only John Ford in the "Informer" passed up the opportunity to strip McLaglen down to his belt buckle, and give the fans a load of that gasoline drum of a chest. The only thing that lives in this pulp-story of a steelhand who was the toughest, roughest puddler with the biggest heart of gold ever turned out, is the mill in which most of the action takes place. You can't do anything to a mill but photograph it, and that's enough. Those blast-furnaces shooting flame, the overhead cranes in the semi-darkness, the tapping out of a wall of steel so that the blazing scrap flows like liquid down the chutes into the casting pots and ladles shooting and throwing sparks, the cars loaded with scrap iron grinding through the plant, this is drama, you sit and watch it, and think, if they gave you more of this instead of bedroom sets and cocktail bars and stainless, aluminum blondes. But they had to stick a story in front of it, and that spoils it. There had to be a blonde in it somewhere who was no good, and a widow who was vinegar on the outside but the real goods inside, and there had to be a fight in it some-



"He loves to watch Parades"

where with McLaglen getting the opportunity to drag a bloody body upstairs and lick the villain with one hand whole and one hand broken, and there had to be the kid who fell into the casting pot and who got saved just in the nick of time, and there had to be a close-up with the Widow Finney about to become Mrs. Steelhand Hero, there had to be all that, I guess, or they wouldn't have thought they had a film they could sell. As a result, they have it, and they haven't got a film. That medal they gave McLaglen for being the best actor went the wrong place: it should have been pinned on John Ford. How he could take the sez-you, bulky, guffawing McLaglen and make the tragic Gypo of "The Informer" put of him remains one of the minor miracles of the latter-day saints.

Les Miserables. Pathe-Natan. With Harry Baur.

This is the French version of the Hugo classic for which United Artists paid the fancy sum of \$20,000 to keep off the American market during the run of the Hollywood product with Charles Laughton and Frederic March. \$20,000 is plenty money, and maybe United Artists were right in buying it up. Certainly, the American product looks a little thin and transparent beside it, something like Empey's war books next to War and Peace. The French have done an enormous production out of Hugo's library-set classic. It's running time is close on three hours. It is reputed to be the most expensive film the French ever made, and Pathe-Natan,

the producers, according to reports, went bankrupt making it.

The film is partitioned into two sections. Part one, is entitled "The Tempest in a Brain," and portrays the release of Jean Valjean from prison, his awakening to social consciousness, and the spiritual vindication of himself in his confession before the court of Arras in which he voluntarily surrenders himself to save a poor, accused, imbecilic peasant. Part Two is titled "Liberty, Dear Liberty" and continues Valjean's history through the flight to Paris, the suicide of Javert, the revolt of the students, and the death of Valjean, piously murmuring he is at last at peace with his God.

Although Baur's performance is superior and impressive, and the film as a whole has weight and dignity and understanding, it is at times wooden and unnecessarily concerned with details. It has, also, an annoying preference for those strange cubistic angle-shots the early German and Russian expressionistic cinema delighted in: streets photographed at ninety degree angles, the characters shot slantingly across the frame of the film, and that type of abominably dark lighting that makes seeing a trial. Nevertheless, the film is a fine contribution, the barricade fighting scenes are freshly handled, and Hugo's story, despite its familiarity and shopworn history, remains a harsh sermon on the soul of man, a melodrama of oppression and suffering.

—Alfred Hayes.



"Present or no present, why don't ya let th' poor bird go free! How'd you like to be caged up like dat"



A street scene from RKO's "Winterset"

Tragedy Under Brooklyn Bridge

Burgess Meredith and Margo return via the screen in Maxwell Anderson's poetic tragedy of love and justice under Brooklyn Bridge



Burgess Meredith and Margo

A SOMBRE tragedy in modern blank-verse, Maxwell Anderson's haunted memory of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, "Winterset" was one of the surprising successes of the past Broadway season. Now RKO Radio, retaining the original members of the cast, with Margo and Burgess Meredith in the leads, has produced the stage play as a screen drama.

The story: Broke, fatherless, young Mio Romagna, 15 years after the death of his father, executed for a crime of which he was innocent, hears that a famous eastern jurist has publicly declared his father's trial a miscarriage of justice. Trock, the actual murderer, also is aware the case threatens to be reopened. Garth, a member of the Trock gang, holds the key to the evidence. He lives with his scholarly father, Esdras, and his sister, Mariamne, in

a tenement under Brooklyn Bridge. It is here, under the tall shadows of the bridge, that the characters meet and play out their destinies.

Mio and Mariamne fall in love. Trock murders one of his henchman. Mio discovers the truth from Garth.

The Broadway "Winterset" ended tragically with the twin death of the lovers. The Hollywood "Winterset" ends optimistically. Story changes have permitted Mio to be seized by a bright idea. He plays an abandoned street-organ which attracts the police. Trock seeking to escape is shot by his own gunmen. Mio reveals the evidence. His father is vindicated. Not exactly what Mr. Anderson intended, but leaving enough of the poetry behind to make it resemble the Winterset that won the Critics' Award.



Edward Ellis, as Judge Gaunt



Mio and Mariamne . . .



A scene in the Esdras cellar home

IT'S IN THE NEWS!

by ERIC GODAL



HEY WALT—YOO HOO!

New York—Woman is arrested for starting sidewalk riot at Broadway opening night, fighting her way through police lines to see celebrities arrive. Not an autograph fiend, just wanted to see Walter Huston, James Farley, Hope Hampton and other famous ones in person



THE CHEEKY AGITATORS—WHY DON'T THEY GO BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM?

Plainfield, N. J.—A militant organization campaign has been planned here by the MADS—Millionaires' Alimony Defense Society—to protect rich husbands from excessive raids on their purses by divorced wives through the alimony "racket." In union there is strength, the husbands believe.



YOUR AGE! SAYING "OVER 21" WON'T DO!

Hoboken, N. J.—Astrologist who predicts U. S. civil war in 1942 alibis his prediction that Al Smith would beat Hoover in 1928 by saying he was given wrong date of birth of one candidate.



WHAT A CRUST!

Porterville, Calif.—Woman claims she has world's staled piece of bread, a loaf baked by her mother-in-law fifty years ago. She's saving it to celebrate her 25th wedding anniversary.

The Fantastic Wendel Case

(Continued from page 20)

word about the duress." How, the lawyer wanted to know, could Hauptmann possibly be executed under those circumstances?

The question was, how could Hauptmann *not* be executed? The governor no longer had power to relieve, the pardons board had refused to act. Did Warden Kimberling have the right to postpone the death? At eight o'clock in the evening of March 31, the very hour Hauptmann was supposed to go to the chair, Kimberling announced that on his own responsibility he had put off the electrocution for 48 hours, pending completion of a grand jury's investigation. He had acted at the request of Allyn Freeman, foreman of the grand jury, a Republican and a friend of Hoffman.

At midnight of April 2 this jury voted to discontinue its inquiry, returning no indictment against either Wendel for murder or against anyone for kidnaping him. This removed the last possible obstacle to Hauptmann's execution and that unhappy man at last met his fate on the night of April 3. Thus ended the second act of Wendel's drama. The purpose, if any, of his alleged abduction, had not been fulfilled.

Act three consisted of a complex series of maneuvers to dispose of what was left: Wendel's charge that he had been kidnaped. The state of New Jersey gradually washed its hands of this embarrassment. The state of New York picked it up in the person of Francis X. Geoghan, handsome white-haired district attorney of Kings County, embracing Brooklyn, where Wendel claimed to have been tortured. When Wendel was free early in May, Geoghan invited him to Brooklyn to help find his abductors there. Parker was also invited but this particular crime-hunt did not interest the detective and he stayed home.

Wendel identified a Voorheis avenue house as his place of detention and officers confirmed the identification by means of pencil marks Wendel foresightedly had scrawled on a beam in the cellar. He also is said to have identified the occupant of the house, Martin Schlossman, aged 30, as one of the kidnapers. Schlossman is said to have confessed his guilt and to have implicated as his direct accomplices his brother-in-law Murray Bleefeld, the latter's father, Harry Bleefeld, and Harry Weiss, a taxi-driver. Also he is alleged to have declared they committed the kidnaping as agents for Parker. In June a Brooklyn grand jury heard evidence presented by Geoghan, handed up indictments of Schlossman, Bleefeld, Weiss and both Parkers, father and son. Harry Bleefeld had meanwhile died of disease in a hospital.

A trial in Brooklyn on these indictments has been blocked by Gov. Hoffman's consistent refusal to surrender his friend Parker and the latter's son on New York state's request for their extradition. He refused once on the ground that the

(Continued on page 45)

Is Your Name Here?

BELOW is a list of surnames of some of the most distinguished American families. Our research staff, over a period of years, has completed preparation of manuscripts dealing with the history of each of these families. If your name is listed, you should have a copy of your manuscript. You will find it not only of keen interest, but a source of pride and satisfaction to yourself and your kin. At this season the suitability of such a manuscript as an unusual and thoughtful *Christmas Gift* especially recommends itself. Including those of relatives, how many of the names on your gift list appear below?

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Abbott	Barry	Boss (e)	Carney	Crowell	Eaton	Hibbard	Lamson	McLain	Palmer	Ray	Shelton	Sutherland	Warden
Abel (i)	Bartolomew	Bostwick	Carpenter	Crozier	Green (e)	Hibbert	Landis—Landes	McLaine	Parker	Raymond	Shepherd	Sutton	Ware
Abernathy	Bartlett	Bosworth	Carrier	Crump	Greer—Grier	Hickman	Langdon	McMaster (s)	Parkhurst	Reading	Shep (p) ard	Swain—Swayne	Warfield
Ackley	Barton	Bourne	Carroll	Culbertson	Griffin	Hicks	Lane	McNamara	Parkinson	Red (d) ing	Sheridan	Swann	Warner
Adair	Bass	Bower (s)	Carter	Culver	Grinnell	Higgin	Latham	McNeil (i)	Parke (s)	Redfield	Sherman	Swift	Warren
Adam (s)	Batchelder	Bowie	Carver	Culver	Griswold	Hill	Leath	McNeal	Parnell	Reed	Shields (s)	Sylvester	Warwick
Adkins	Batchelor	Bowler	Cassell (i)	Cunningham	Grover	Hilton	Leathrop	McNeil (e)	Parsons	Reid	Shirley	Symons	Washington
Agnew	Batcheller	Bowler	Cassell (i)	Cunningham	Grover	Hind (s)	Lothrop	Mellen	Partridge	Reeve (s)	Shoemaker	Taft	Waterhouse
Aiken (s)	Bates	Bo (w) les	Cecil	Curry—Currie	Eldredge	Hinkle	Latimer	Mellon	Pate	Reeves	Sim (m) ons	Tait	Waterman
Ainsworth	Batten	Bowling	Chaffee	Curtis	Ellis	Hinman	Law	Merrill	Pat (t) erson	Reynolds	Sim (m) ons	Talbot (t)	Watson
Alden	Battle	Boyce	Chambers (a) u	Cushing	Ellsworth	Hitchcock	Lawrence	Merritt	Patten	Rhea	Simpson	Taliaferro	Wat (t) ers
Alderson	Batt (s)	Boyer	Chambers	Cushman	Elmore	Holmes	Lawson	Messinger	Patrick	Rice	Sim (m) ons	Tall (e) y	Wayne
Alford	Bauer	Boyer—Bowyer	Champion	Cutter	Emery	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Alger	Baxter	Boynston	Chapin	Dabney	Emerson	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Allen—Allan	Beach	Bradford	Chapman	Daggett	Emery	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Allison	Beauchamp	Bradley	Chappell	Dalton	Emmett	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Alston	Beal (e) —Beall	Brady	Charles	Dana	Emmett	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Alvord	Bean	Bragg	Chase	Daniel (s)	Estes	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Amber	Beard	Brainerd	Chew	Darby	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Amrose	Beardley	Brainerd	Chew	Darby	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Ames	Beaton	Bray	Child (s)	Darling	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Anderson	Beatty—Beattie	Brewer	Chiles	Daugerty	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Andrews	Beck	Brewster	Chisholm	Davenport	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Angel (i)	Becker	Bryce	Church	David (s)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Anthony	Becker	Bryce	Church	David (s)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Appley	Beckwith	Briggs	Churchill	Davidson	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Appleton	Beche	Bright	Clark (e)	Davies	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Armstrong	Beer (s)	Brooks	Clemens	Dawson	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Arnold	Belcher	Brough	Clem (m) ons	Day	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Arns	Belden	Brown (e)	Clinon	Decker (t)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Arthur	Bell	Browning	Coat (e) s	Dell	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Ashby	Bellamy	Brownlow	Cobb	Dennis	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Ash (e)	Benedict	Bruce	Cochran (e)	Dent	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Ashton	Bennet	Buck	Coffey—Coffee	Dewey	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Atchison	Bennett	Buck	Coffey—Coffee	Dewey	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Atkinson	Bent	Buckingham	Co (l) burn	Dewitt	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Atwater	Bentley	Bullard	Colby	DeWolf (e)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Atwell	Benton	Bunker	Cole	Dexter	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Atwood	Berg	Burn	Col (e) man	Dick (e)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Austin	Bernard	Burnham	Collins	Dickens	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Avery	Berry	Burgess	Collins	Dickinson	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Axtell	Bertram	Burlingame	Colt	Diel	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Ayers—Ayres	Betts	Burnett	Colvin	Dill	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Babbitt	Bevan (s)	Burnham	Compton	Dinsmore	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Babcock	Bever (e) y	Burns	Conant	Dixon—Dickson	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Bacon	Beyer	Burr	Conklin (g)	Dodd	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Badger	Bickford	Burroughs	Connelly	Dodge	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Bagley	Biddle	Burrows	Connolly	Doggett	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Baird	Bidwell	Burton	Connor—Conner	Dole	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Baker	Billings	Burwell	Conway	Dolan	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Banks	Bishop	Bush	Cook (e)	Dorr—Dore	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Banta	Black	Bushnell	Cooley	Dorson	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Baldwin	Blackburn	Butler	Cooper	Douglas (s)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Ball	Blackstone	Butterfield	Cooper	Douglas (s)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Ballard	Blackwell	Butt (s)	Cordell	Dow	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Ballinger	Blain (e)	Byer (s)	Cor (e) y	Downing	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Ballenger	Blair	Byrum—Byram	Cade	Doyle	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Ballo	Blake	Cade	Covert	Drake	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Bancroft	Blanchard	Cady	Cowden	Draper	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Bangs	Bland	Cahill	Cowles	Drummond	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Banks	Bliss	Cain (e)	Cox	Dryden	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Barber—Barbour	Blodgett	Caldwell	Craig	Dudley	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Barclay	Blood	Callahan	Crane—Crain	Duncan	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Bard	Blossom	Callender	Crawford	Duke (s)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Bardwell	Bl (o) unt	Callender	Crawford	Duke (s)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Barker	Blue	Callender	Crawford	Duke (s)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Barlow	Blue (e) —Bligh	Callender	Crawford	Duke (s)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Barnard	Boardman	Cameron	Crockett	Dunn (e)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Barnes	Boggs	Campbell	Cromwell	Durfee	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Barney	Bolton	Canfield	Crosby	Dutton	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Barnum	Bond	Cannon	Crossman	Duval (i)	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Barrett	Bonney	Cardwell	Crouch	Dye	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Bar (r) on	Booth (e)	Car (e) y	Crow (e)	Eastman	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver
Barrow (s)	Boriken	Carne (s)	Crowder	Eastman	Evans	Holmes	Leach—Leech	Merrill	Peck	Richard	Singlet	Tal (l) madge	Weaver

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For Radio Fans Only . . .

NOT many years ago Paul Whiteman was knighted the King of Jazz. Whether he still holds the undisputed title is a matter of what you think the function of jazz should be. Perhaps you're a nut on swing music and think Benny Goodman is the boy. Or maybe you just like to recline and allow the intricate arrangements of what we now call Symphonic jazz stir your emotions. But nevertheless, the man whose caricature made him famous, has received the singular honor of being the only guest conductor this season with the Philadelphia Orchestra. He will lead two concerts of modern music on November 27 and 28. Which just goes to show that jazz is garnering some form of recognition from the breeders of higher forms of music.

It seems that Mr. Whiteman was the innovator of symphonic jazz arrangements. Previous to his concert four years back there was only one function for the music: dancing. You heard the music and it got in your feet. The tour conditioned people to sit and listen. And now some of the finest programs of light entertainment, with Andre Kastelanez at the helm, stir the hearts and imaginations of many listeners.

Short shorts: In Los Angeles there is a little girl with saucer blue eyes and brown hair who can be seen outside of school hours with a cocker spaniel named Tippy traipsing beside her. No less than Deanna Durbin, whose hair is fondled by Eddie Cantor on broadcast nights. Only thirteen, but music critics say her voice is almost fully developed, so that by benefit of microphones her range and depth could be no better. She was brought to California and her parents saw her as their beauty who would go through life with dignity and distinction but not via the air or the flickers. At a moving picture test three years ago she got the attention of Andres Seguro, the former Metropolitan opera star, who took her under his tutelage. She will be seen in the movie "Three Smart Girls" . . . voice, daintiness, everything.

Four years her junior is Bobby Breen, the other Cantor protege, but looks older because of an early poverty, which sometimes has the tendency to drain something from a child. . . . Was no sensational overnight discovery, for he appeared in amateur theatricals at age of five, then went to Chicago for first professional appearance, later to New York where he studied voice, finally landed in Hollywood and appeared in "Let's Sing Again." The protege scout, Cantor, got an earful at a Hollywood performance and signed the kid up. Incidental: both born in Canada.

Facts and figures: When you listen to an NBC broadcast people tune in on 101 stations to get same and CBS outlets to 105. . . . Francis Lederer, the youthful actor with the accent, pocketed no less than \$3,500 for one broadcast on the Sears-Roebuck hour, for just ten minutes

of work. . . . Meanwhile Major Bowes is still the highest paid radio personality . . . but Kate Smith laid away one million bucks during her five years on the air . . . chunking in on the \$59,000,000 which was paid for talent last year, the bulk dished out by sponsors . . . which points to the fact: if you hitch your wagon to a star see that it is hooked to a sponsor . . .

By the end of the year there will be something like 700 radio stations in this country now that 45 more licenses have been granted by the Federal Communications Commission. An average of 25 applications a week pour into their offices, but most significant is the fact that newspapers are hot about acquiring their own stations. . . . And we are accustomed to referring to radio as wireless, yet national networks have over 40,000 miles of wires to project their broadcasts.

From obscurity to fame: For twenty years ago in a Coney Island resort known as the College Inn, Eddie Cantor was one of the comedians, Al Shayne a singer, Jimmy Durante a piano pecker, Ted Lewis swung the baton and his hat, Henry Busse was a cornetist in the orchestra and Paul Whiteman was a waiter squirming between tables. . . . All assembled in one joint. . . . These days Packard pays off its guest stars with floating power broncos instead of gold. Some in the galaxies are afraid the idea may spread to other sponsors, for who would like to be paid off in suds.

Yesterday's stars: Remember Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver? They appeared on the old Palmolive hour for almost a year. You are still hearing them. For Olive Palmer is none other than Virginia Rea on the Rubinoff program, and Paul Oliver is the clear-voiced tenor, Frank Munn, whose melodies linger on in the American Album of Familiar Music.

Consolation to listeners: The gags you'd sometimes like to hear in action come to you before the studio fans. Sound propelled by electrical impulses moves faster than sound travels in the air. So if you are 3,000

miles away in California you get the stuff before those sitting in Radio City. If time means anything you save a split second.

Film producers have got the idea of prior lien or squatter rights down pat. They claim air appearances of their stars reduce box office receipts. But that doesn't daunt the sponsors. Meanwhile the threats of picture owners to boycott the flickers of stars who appear regularly on the air is having its effect. It has got Dick Powell and Bing Crosby, among others, huddling with their guys in the know to determine the advisability of withdrawing from their programs. . . . Still Paramount coined plenty from its "Big Broadcast" with most of the broadcasting artists mentioning the opening on the air, and the sponsors of the air boys in the flickers lost no prestige either by tying up the screen with their programs in displayed advertising. It was an exploiter's holiday. . . . And now it is reported that Warner Brothers is planning a motion picture version of "Hollywood Hotel" with Frances Langford, who can be heard any Friday night, already signed up to play.

Latest taboo: Heckle off Mrs. Wally Simpson, comedian's gag men are warned. This stuff is laughter-provoking food for the funny boys, but they shrug their shoulders in frustration and think: I'll have to crack my skull for another gag.

Forthcoming broadcasts: The world famous Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky opens its fifth season Thursday, November 19, over NBC. . . . A series of eight concerts featuring the important chamber works of Johannes Brahms will be presented by the Coolidge String Quartet over the Columbia network beginning Tuesday, November 12, from 3:00 to 4:00 p.m., EST. . . . America's Town Meeting of the Air, based on the traditional town meetings of early America, will resume broadcasts every Thursday from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., EST, over NBC.

—SAMUEL ROSS.



"Miss Peck, am I still mad at Mr. Hathaway?"

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newspicture Weekly



The Fantastic Wendel Case

(Continued from page 42)

scandals then attaching to Geoghan's office indicated the Parkers would not have a fair trial. When Geoghan was cleared of all scandal in a hearing before Gov. Lehman, Gov. Hoffman refused a second request for extradition on the ground that a federal grand jury had begun an investigation of the case, and this made a Brooklyn trial unnecessary.

At length, in October, this federal grand jury sitting at Newark returned indictments against Parker's secretary, Mrs. Anna Bading, and his assistant, Clinton Zeller, on charges of perjury in connection with their testimony, and indict-

ments against the Parkers Schlossman, Bleefeld and Weiss under the so-called Lindbergh law by which kidnapers may be punished by the Federal authorities with sentences up to life imprisonment. At last the world will learn whether Wendel really was kidnapped, and also perhaps—what is more important—why. There will be no extradition monkey-business on these federal indictments. They are going to be tried.

The *New York Times* report on Oct. 20 of the handing up of these indictments stated that "when the grand jury recessed August 7 it was reported to have indicted six men on charges of violating the so-

called Lindbergh kidnaping law, as well as of conspiracy to violate. It was understood today that the case of one of those then named, a state official who had not previously been a defendant in the case, was reconsidered by the jury." Thus only five indictments instead of six.

But there may yet be more. Julius R. Rippel, Newark banker, foreman of the grand jury, asked the court to extend its term to Nov. 30 in order to take action if any further evidence should come up. That may complicate and intensify the last act of this drama. The scene is the federal court at Newark; the time is—the present.

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Books in Review

Pan-Asia

CAN China survive? is a question of vital importance to the United States for we need this country, the world's greatest potential market. But Hallett Abend and Anthony Billingham in their book *Can China Survive?* (Washburn, Inc., \$3.00) believe her prospects of survival, except under Japanese direction or as an adjunct to the Soviet Union, gloomy.

First, because the substance of the nation has been wasted in civil war; she has no funds for an army, for ammunition, for an air force.

Second, unification of China is a myth. True, General Chiang Kai-shek is absolute dictator of the Nanking government, but it is generally admitted that if his life were to come to an end tomorrow China would be thrown into chaos and civil war follow day after tomorrow. There is no feeling of Patriotism or Nationalism in the Chinese people. Their devotion is wholly for the family. The only faction in China imbued with staunchness of purpose and idealism is the Communists. But they have only a quarter of a million members.

Third, China has serious social problems. The outside world has no knowledge of the extent of the opium habit, or how profiteering in this trade is participated in by the militarists and governing classes. Also, in China there is still human slavery. Destitute families sell little boys and girls for thirty cents to five dollars.

For all of these reasons, Japan's chances for undisputed leadership of all Asiatic peoples and absolute security against outside attack look good. She would like to control China's foreign relations as an Oriental husband directs his wife's social relations. If she ever achieves this position he will tolerate no flirtation by the wife (particularly with Americans or Europeans) and at-

tendance at "pink teas" or semi-radical gatherings (Communism) will be prohibited.

The United States has never had a definite clear-cut policy regarding the Far-East. Our trouble is we know too little about the Japanese people and have underestimated them. Now we look to Japan with flabbergasted apprehension and we should. Japan does plan war with the United States; her forces are already in the field, her vessels upon the ocean. Her fleets are already large. They are not composed of battleships but of merchant steamers. And she has a weapon impossible for us to duplicate: the ability to manufacture products of ever increasing quantity for many times less the money it takes us to make the same article in America.

Now the situation has developed to such a point that there is no longer any question of any foreign intervention to help China put her house in order. The important question is whether on some very rapidly approaching tomorrow there may not have to be intervention to oust Japan from China. It will be either that or tame submission to Japan's ousting all non-orientals from the Far-East.

"I Found No Peace"

Here is the tops in Journalists' personal histories. Here is concentrated, living history of the most momentous twenty years in the knowledge of people. Here is a brilliant mind at work more portentous and exciting than any detective fiction. And here is the intensely human story of a shy boy who rose to the top of his profession by turning limitations into opportunities whose cigarette case now bears the signatures of Clemenceau, Gandhi, Hitler, Lloyd George, Dollfuss, and a dozen other famous men whom he has come to know intimately—who has sought peace for twenty years, but found none anywhere either in himself or in the world around him. All this and more is Webb Miller's *I Found No Peace* just published by Simon and Schuster at \$3.00.

At the outset Mr. Miller confesses that the sight of blood or any human violence filled him with abhorrence, yet his chosen profession carried him to five wars on four continents, to numberless riots, rebellions, and revolutions in a dozen lands; that in struggling to overcome a painful diffidence he made some discoveries: if he liked people and showed it, they would usually like him, most human beings suffered more or less from the same disabilities he did; and that the philosophy of Thoreau gives comfort and serenity. This philosophy he conceived as follows: you make yourself rich by making your wants few; you can insulate yourself from the shocks of life to a certain extent by occasional solitude; human beings have relatively few essential material needs and these few are easily filled; you can be happy if you have the mental resources to feel pleasures and ecstasy in nature.

Born on a tenant farm in Michi-

gan, educated in a little red school house, he had courage, at eighteen, to face the Chicago newspaper world. No sooner had he succeeded as a cub-reporter than he spent all his money (so he could not turn back) on a ticket to Mexico, resigned, and covered, as a free-lance, the pursuit of Villa across the Mexican border. His fine work there called him to the attention of the United Press who sent him to the Western Front where he beat all the other correspondents to the front line trenches on the morning of November eleventh, 1918.

At this point in the book Mr. Miller hands his pen over to Roy Howard, who breaks the silence of eighteen years and explains the premature Armistice of November eighth.

One of the most masterly chapters in the book is "L'Affaire Landru." It reads like Edgar Allan Poe. The author was present at the trial and guillotining of Henri Desire Landru, a French Blue Beard, who seduced, robbed and murdered 223 women!

The peeps behind international scenes are dramatic and sometimes disillusioning. We see men who conduct momentous affairs moved by petty personal considerations, private dislikes, jealousy, amour propre. We see Clemenceau who knew there were no morals in international relations and did not pretend that there were. We see how little statesmen and economic experts know about the mysterious forces of international economics and finance. We see Franklin Delano Roosevelt of whom Mr. Miller says "of all the men in high places I have met, he possesses the warmest and most attractive personality."

The author's latest assignment took him to Ethiopia from where he told the world that war had begun three-quarters of an hour before the Italian foreign office knew what had happened.

From his grandstand-seat at the most momentous shows in history Mr. Miller made some notes: truth about anything is difficult to obtain; the more one studies the various aspects of a particular subject the more qualified, the less definite and clear cut opinions become; the price the world must pay—and is already paying—for the material advantages of the modern machine is increasingly greater curtailment and restriction of the personal liberty of people; economic government which prescribes indirectly how much a man shall eat—how he shall live and clothe himself, the amount of work he shall do or not do—that is capitalism, business or the employer—will have to come more and more under the control of the political government which prescribes how much taxes a man must pay; and lastly, the old world is plunging toward another great war. Webb Miller will be on hand to cover it.

Loyalties

A GIRL was kidnapped, carried across a continent, suffered the pains of childbirth with no medical help, escaped by her wit and the humanity of one of the kidnapper's girl



Louis Adamic

ACCLAIMED

for his new novel

in the setting of

"THE NATIVE'S RETURN"

CRADLE OF LIFE

"When you read it you enter upon a unique and exciting experience," says *Lewis Gannett* in his review of this brilliant story of Rudo Stanka, illegitimate son of a Hapsburg." And *William Soskin* in the *New York Herald Tribune* "Books" says, "It is surely one of the most unusual novels of recent years . . . fresh and life-giving. All its hungry expression of social idealism is contained in a story as fantastic, bizarre and entertaining as the most popular thrillers."

\$2.50

Harpers

Books in Review

friends, yet when her chance came to identify her malefactors, she lied to save them. Why? Phyllis Bottome in her new book "Level Crossing" (Stokes Co.: \$2.00) makes her action understandable and thrilling, and at the same time throws the luminous shafts of her inward eye on life and America.

A young American chap, Jim Lane, falls in love in Scotland with a daughter of the soil, Deidre Conrys. He made love to her by speaking about his country. He said "America is vaster than you can have any idea of, but its oldness has been itself. Our history isn't only human. We're new on our land, and it's new what we're doing with it, but the land's not new; it has a secret history. Everything's bigger than it could be over here—accidents, trees, opportunities, rivers, dangers, and skyscrapers! When things are bad with us they're very bad. They're awful now—thirteen million unemployed. Could any other country carry that? Can ours? That's what we don't know; our secrets are all ahead of us, and we've got to catch up with them before we can find them out. We're not shackled with old chains. Even now we realize better than you do that the profit system is dead. You're held back in Europe by your insane national and race fantasies. We know that there's one race it's important to belong to, and that's the human!"

So the little Scots girl comes over with her adoring American husband and discovers America. The first two months they camped in the West,

just Deidre and Jim, two Indians, and eight horses. At the end of two months they turned towards civilization. Jim thought, "All this strong right arm stuff is simple, it's the mixing with minds, that is the acid test."

In New York Jim's family greeted them. The mother was an enchanting creature who had never been enchanted, pleased—yes—with anything that looked romantic and expensive, but to add it to herself. She had never pushed back the symbol to gain the thing symbolized.

But the love of Deidre and Jim is sweet and strong. And when she is kidnapped her conduct is brave and wise. Even after she has escaped and reaches a lion tamer's shack she allows him to hide her in a cage with a lioness and her young cub until the kidnapers have searched everywhere else.

Her deepest perplexity came when the detective demanded the kidnapers' identities. He was fighting for the honor and decency of Jim's country and she was fighting against it, for something larger than any country—for life itself. That girl had saved her life and her baby. "We had confidence in each other," she pleaded to Jim, "I cannot sacrifice that. It is confidence between human beings which makes a civilized community." Deidre knew that there is a right—or there must be gangsters always—a right deeper than any law; a right that can touch those who break all laws: It must be the right of life to preserve itself, and to be preserved by others.

The Rights of Men at Sea

(Continued from page 13)

Bridges, others claim they could never maintain satisfactory relations with men of his philosophy, which lies somewhere in leftward regions.

These ship-owners have been preparing for a shut down for months. Their strategy calls for no immediate use of strike-breakers, but mere waiting until business losses in Coast cities produce public opinion favorable to strike-breaking.

On the other side, seamen and longshoremen have been saving their pennies. Large strike funds have accumulated. They are a determined instead of an aggressive group, especially the longshoremen, who are set on retaining gains made in 1934.

The Federal Government's new Maritime Commission holds the key. Its duties at present are to increase cooperation between ship-owners and maritime workers and to protect the public interest.

Striking seamen, however, look on the Maritime Commission as a potential tool of the ship-owners. They feel it can be used to break strikes, point to the remarks of Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, who let it be known that if neither the strikers nor the steamship owners showed a more conciliatory attitude, the Federal Government might be forced to intervene.

Said he: "The free flow of water-borne foreign and domestic commerce has become paralyzed. This will involve, directly or indirectly, the lives of the citizens of the whole nation and its insular possessions."

Among maritime workers there is a trend toward industrial unionism. Sailors, longshoremen, engineers have been urging a National Maritime Federation that at one blow could completely blockade the nation.

To this the most recent maritime strike comes closest yet. At some ports only longshoremen were out, in others only seamen, in others even teamsters cooperated.

Keen observers feel no final solution to the problem will be reached either through militant union action or a judicial Maritime Commission. A solution will be forthcoming only when a foreign policy is followed which will give the American Merchant Marine means to employ not only the thousands of skilled maritime workers still without jobs, but to pay a high standard of living in keeping with the high type of seamen in whose hands the nation must entrust its ocean-travelling men, women, children and property.



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Brides always are. But will she be as radiant a year from now? Is her marriage to be a glorious adventure or a hopeless failure? Will she always be her husband's pal, doing her share to keep their home happy?

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Try Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Brush Up!

Keep Your
Personality
"In Step"



IN this changing world, the "sweet girl" and the "cute girl" belong to the past. Modern woman finds herself in a new age—with different standards, new attitudes, new demands. Whether you are fifteen or fifty a mere sentence often "dates" you.

The things that used to win admiration are now ignored—or worse, they bring snickers. Don't be deceived by the artificial and self-conscious laxness that spreads everywhere like a soft veneer. Life is keyed to a faster and more exacting tempo, and continues to speed up.

Many women are trying to fit smart modern clothes on to "gay ninety" or "post-war" personalities. Many women are bewildered by the pressure of modern life. It is all very well to talk about "just be yourself" but do you really know what your "self" is, or what it can be or do?

Here is the answer. Thousands of women have been given definite guidance in sweeping cobwebs out of their personalities by Margery Wilson. She has shown them how to dust their social garrets and to take the slip-covers off their charms.

Now Margery Wilson offers her NEW "CHARM TEST FOR MODERN WOMEN." This practical test offers you the first opportunity you have ever had to take stock of yourself. The "CHARM TEST" is NEW and revised throughout. Nothing like it has ever been published. It is not an ordinary questionnaire—but a scientific and psychologically correct measuring test that will reveal your "self" as clearly as your mirror shows your face.

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How Did You Get Through the Week?

By Charles B. Driscoll

The MOLLISONS couldn't make a go of it, both flying for records. Quite to be expected. If husband and wife are trying to excel in the same kind of work, and the contest costs money, it's only natural that disputes should arise. . . . There's enough money to buy one new plane, but not two, we'll say. Which should have the new plane? Which should compete in the next race? No, no, even the most liberal of modern matches can't stand the strain of that kind of careering



. . . . But, take the GEORGE PALMER PUTNAMS. In that family, AMELIA EARHART does the flying and lecturing, and she brings in plenty of cash. GEORGE does the managing, telephoning and business arranging, and he does it so well that AMELIA has very few days on which she may just sit and whistle. GEORGE knows better than to spoil it all by going out and learning to fly for records and prizes. . . . And who is going to stop Japan in China? The answer is easy: nobody. . . . China is distinctly Japan's dish, and the Japs are going to down it with chopsticks and pigeon's-blood sauce. . . . England doesn't like it, but can't shout out loud about it any more, because mutinies in the British navy in recent years have been too disturbing. . . . And any American statesman who would begin issuing moral lessons to the Japs would be told by his own people to ride herd on his own ranch. . . . The one saying of WILL ROGERS that sticks in my mind is: *If we ever fight another war, it'll be on the home grounds.* . . . I've noticed that everybody remembers some one saying by his favorite humorist. When I first met KIN HUBBARD, creator of ABE MARTIN, I said, "I remember just one of your quips that made me laugh for years." "Everybody remembers one," he replied. "What's yours?" And I told him: "MISS TAWNEY APPLE sprained her wrist while readin' a novel in the hammock yesterday. Her mother, who was scrubbin' in the kitchen, was uninjured." . . . And when I met RUBE GOLDBERG the first time, I had to tell him of a funny strip of his that had made me really ill with laughing. He did it for a tobacco company, a long time ago, and it depicted the young man riding a motorcycle through the park at high speed, although his father had advised him to stay home and smoke. The motorbike hit a statue of a moose, and the boy, spinning through the air toward his finish, remarked thoughtfully, *I knew it was a moose, but I didn't know it was made of iron.* . . . I still think the element of incongruity there was as funny as anything I've ever seen in print.

But what is *funny* anyway? Laugh-provoking, I mean, in print, for the millions. As editor and writer, through many years, I've given that question some thought. . . . One of the last of the funny periodicals has just faded out, after a noble struggle that lasted for years without getting more than a tired grin. . . . Well, if you go along with me, just try reading BILL NYE today. When I was a little boy, America rocked with laughter every Sunday, over BILL'S stuff in the newspapers. I had to read a manuscript, nearly a foot high, in recent years, containing the choicest of BILL NYE'S writings. Ah, comrades, a sad task. . . . And will you permit me to say that MR. DOOLEY is *not* funny? Yes, dear oldsters, I admire your loyalty, but I dare you to read MR. DOOLEY again. . . . Since I have gone so far into this true heresy, I shall not stop for fear of mere poison gas. MARK TWAIN is not funny—not today he isn't, good old guardians of the glamorous traditions! . . . And I can recall seeing people on street cars (Let me see, were they drawn by mules?) laughing unrestrainedly at MUTT & JEFF. . . . It simply isn't done any more. Belly laughs are had in semi-dark theatres, and when you come out you dare not repeat what you laughed at, for fear of a yawn. . . . BOOTH TARKINGTON still can make me laugh with a book, but I admit my old-fashionedness, and who reads books for fun? . . . MICKEY MOUSE is funny on the screen, but pale and stolid as CALVIN COOLIDGE in print. . . . That same RUBE GOLDBERG once told me that there has never been invented or devised by the mind of man anything half so funny as a kick on the behind. . . . And the truth of this is attested by the perennial prosperity of that old vaudeville sketch which shows the solemn lunatic kicking the benevolent grand dame through the door after a serious conversation. . . .



And to pick up that admission of old-fashionedness. I am one who cannot cry *Bravo!* to the women on the barricades. Yes, dear ladies, your place is where you wish to be, but *you do not look well when shot*, and it is high time someone told you so. . . . I was in Spain a few years ago, and in remote towns saw the senoritas behind their lattices or modestly walking about, properly escorted. . . . Go on making wars if you must, gentlemen, but let us join the ladies in the cool of the evening, as of yore, after we have given over the shoot-

ing. My old friend, MICHAEL DIMITRI, has been in the papers again, because of an automobile accident. And the papers once more committed the folly of calling him HARRY GERGUSON. . . . An example of the power of the typographical error. When MIKE was a little boy he was an orphan, and was in care of an orphan society in New York. A woman named FERGUSON took him for a while, and farmed him out to somebody in Illinois. So the name he went by was HARRY FERGUSON. I dug up all this about his past when he was news out in Kansas a good many years ago. Some newspaper, copying my story, made a typo-



graphical error, and called it GERGUSON. Of course, there was never such a name as that in the whole world. But GERGUSON it is in the papers, every time MIKE breaks into the news, and that's often enough. . . . I have the largest file on MIKE in existence, and the PRINCE once declared that I alone should write his biography. But I'm busy about other matters. . . . I've known PRINCE MICHAEL DIMITRI ALEXANDROVITCH BOLENSKY ROMANOFF for many years, and he has told me many lies. . . . But I honestly don't know that he is not of royal blood, and I do know that he has had many a raw deal and I have seen him take his punishment with a grace that would do credit to any prince of the blood. . . . *Listen For a Lonesome Drum*, by CARL CARMER is a book that deserves much more celebration than it has had.

To those who've asked where I got that verse with which I closed last week's remarks: Those were four lines from *Two Lives*, a heart-stirring poem by WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD, the phobia-ridden genius of the University of Wisconsin. . . . LEONARD, you know, is afraid to go more than a few blocks away from home. He has paraded his phobia before the world, in the hope of shaming himself out of the silly notion, and has written a fat book about it: *The Locomotive God*. The more he talks about it, the better the absurd fear doesn't become. . . . I know lots

of people who have phobias, but most of them try to keep them a secret, which is at least as bad as writing books about them, and not nearly so profitable. . . . A brother of mine developed a fear of high places, a fear of crowds, and a fear of impending death, along with several other fancy phobias, when he was only a youth. He cried and shook and talked about himself all one year, and then hopped on a train for a new town, new friends, and a new job. All his phobias left him as the devils used to leave people when they were exorcised by the prophets of old. . . . But the let-down after the election has been a bit of a shock. Following such an orgy of headlines, nothing but THE SIMPSON makes even mildly exciting newspaper reading. Won't someone come forward with sextuplets and save the dailies? . . . Perhaps the Spanish affair will get some of the attention it deserves. Or somebody will start the *American Dictator* talk again, and get us all excited. . . . HARRY FRIEND, an old friend, now with the Treasury Department in Washington, popped in at this point, and offered this observation, which is worth passing on: "If you are looking for really friendly, humane, neighborly folk with soft hearts and uncommercial ways, stick to New York. I've found more of the famous milk of human kindness in this town than anywhere else in the world." . . . I quote HARRY, but I don't guarantee that he's right. I've found people much the same everywhere, but more likely to be themselves in small towns. . . . I was talking to a lady who is no relation to GRACIE ALLEN, and said I'd been reading PEPYS' DIARY again. "Yes," she said, "that one by MARY ASTOR? I think it's wonderful!" . . . At the risk of seeming stubbornly political, I still maintain that *It Can't Happen Here* is much the worst book RED LEWIS ever wrote. . . . PETER WITT, of Cleveland, dropped in just now for conversation. He hires the



Public Hall once a year and talks for two and a half hours. . . . and his fellow-citizens attend by thousands, and listen. Every town should have its town talker, for only by talk can the world be saved. . . . Or how did you get through the week?



MAN, THE UNKNOWN

By ALEXIS CARREL, tripled its sales when this excerpt was printed in the September issue of THE READER'S DIGEST

A FRAGMENT of living tissue, in a flask, must be given a volume of liquid equal to 2000 times its own volume, in order not to be poisoned within a few days by its waste products. Consequently, a human body reduced to pulp and artificially cultivated would demand about 200,000 quarts of nutritive fluid. It is on account of the marvelous perfection of the apparatuses responsible for the circulation of the blood, its wealth of nutritive substances, and the constant elimination of the waste products, that our tissues can live in six or seven quarts of fluid, instead of 200,000.

The speed of circulation is sufficiently great to prevent the composition of blood from being modified by waste products. Each organ regulates the volume and the rapidity of its blood flow by means of vasomotor nerves. Brain and other organs demand a certain tension of the blood. Our conduct and the quality of our thoughts depend, in large measure, on the state of our circulatory apparatus. All human activities are regulated by the condition of the nutritive medium.

When blood returns from the muscles and the organs, the pulsations of the heart drive it into the immense network of the lung capillaries, where each red corpuscle takes up atmospheric oxygen. Carbon dioxide simultaneously is expelled into the outside atmosphere by the respiratory movements. The purification of the blood is completed in the kidneys, which separate from the blood certain substances that are eliminated in the urine. They also regulate the quantity of salts indispensable to plasma. The functioning of the kidneys and of the lungs is of a prodigious efficiency. It is their intense activity that permits the fluid medium required by living tissues to be so limited, and the human body to possess such compactness and agility.

Another kind of nutritive substance contained in blood, in addition to atmospheric oxygen and to products of intestinal digestion, consists of the secretions of the endocrine glands, which have the peculiar quality of manufacturing new compounds from the chemical substances of the blood. These compounds serve to feed certain tissues and to stimulate certain functions. This sort of creation of itself by itself is analogous to the training of the will by an effort of the will. Glands, such as the thyroid, the suprarenal, the pancreas, synthesize new compounds—thyroxin, adrenalin, insulin. They are true chemical transformers. In this way, substances indispensable for the nutrition of cells and organs, and for physiological and mental activities, are produced. Such a phenomenon is as strange as if certain parts of a motor should create the oil used by other parts of the machine, the substances accelerating the combustion of the fuel, and even the thoughts of the engineer. To these glands is due the existence of the body with its manifold activities.

The above material from *The Reader's Digest* is taken directly from Alexis Carrel's inspiring best seller, *MAN, THE UNKNOWN*. The book is the one volume you must read and own. Write your name and address in the coupon below and send it today for your copy of this great book.

Man is, first of all, a nutritive process. He consists of a ceaseless motion of chemical substances. Matter perpetually flows through all the cells of the body, yielding to tissues the energy they need, and also the chemicals which build the temporary and fragile structure of our organs and humors.

Mental Activities

THE CEREBRAL centers consist partly of fluids containing the gland and tissue secretions that diffuse through the entire body. Thus every organ is present in the cerebral cortex. When blood and lymph are deprived of the secretions of the suprarenal glands, the patient falls into a depression. Everyone knows how human personality is modified by diseases of the liver, the stomach, and the intestines. Obviously, the cells of the organs discharge into the bodily fluids certain substances that react upon our mental and spiritual functions.

The testicle exerts a profound influence upon the strength and quality of the mind. In general, great poets, artists and saints, as well as conquerors, are strongly sexed. The removal of the genital glands produces some modifications of the mental state. Inspiration seems to depend on a certain condition of the sexual glands. Love stimulates the mind when it does not attain its object. If Beatrice had been the mistress of Dante, there would perhaps be no *Divine Comedy*. It is well known that sexual excesses impede intellectual activity. In order to reach its full power, intelligence seems to require both the presence of well-developed sexual glands and the temporary repression of the sexual appetite.

Envy, hate, fear, when these sentiments are habitual, are capable of starting organic changes and genuine diseases. Moral suffering profoundly disturbs health. Business men who do not know how to fight worry, die young. Emotions determine the dilation or the contraction of the small arteries, through the vasomotor nerves. They are, therefore, accompanied by changes in blood circulation. Pleasure causes the skin of the face to flush. Fear turns it white. The affective states stimulate or stop the gland secretions, or modify their chemical constitution. It has been proved that a moral shock may cause marked changes in the blood. Thought can generate organic lesions. The instability of modern life, the ceaseless agitation, create states of consciousness which bring about nervous and organic disorders of the stomach and of the intestines, defective nutrition, and passage of intestinal microbes into the circulatory apparatus. Various kidney and bladder infections are the remote results of mental and moral imbalance. Such diseases are almost unknown in social groups where life is simpler, where anxiety is less constant. Likewise, those who keep the peace of their inner self in the midst of tumult are immune from nervous and organic disorders. Man thinks, invents, loves, suffers, admires and prays with his brain and all his organs.

Mental activities improve with exercise. Intelligence has to be molded

by the habit of logical thinking. Every human being is born with different intellectual capacities. But, great or small, these potentialities require constant exercise. Intellectual power is augmented by the habit of precise reasoning, the study of logic, mental discipline, and deep observation of things. On the contrary, superficial observations, a rapid succession of impressions, and lack of intellectual discipline hinder the development of the mind. Certain habits of living and eating are also capable of affecting the growth of intelligence. Overabundance of food and excess of athletics seem to prevent intellectual progress. Athletes are not, in general, very intelligent. In order to reach its highest development the mind probably demands an ensemble of conditions, which has occurred only at certain epochs. What were the mode of existence, the diet, and the education of the men of the great periods of the history of civilization? We are almost totally ignorant of the genesis of intelligence. And we believe that the minds of children can be developed by the mere training of their memory and by exercises practiced in modern schools!

Men of genius, in addition to powers of observation and comprehension, possess other qualities, such as intuition and creative imagination. Through intuition they learn things ignored by other men. A true leader of men does not need psychological tests when choosing subordinates. He appraises in a flash a man's value, senses his virtues and vices. A great scientist instinctively takes a path leading to a discovery. The knowledge that great physicians sometimes possess concerning their patients is of such a nature. This phenomenon was formerly called inspiration.

In highly civilized beings, will and intelligence are an identical function. From will and intelligence come all moral values. Each one, in a certain measure, is born good, mediocre or bad. But, like intelligence, moral sense can be developed by education, discipline and will power. The good is equivalent to justice, charity, beauty. The evil, to selfishness, meanness, ugliness. In order to keep his mental and organic balance, man must impose upon himself an inner rule. Everyone should realize the necessity of submitting himself to such discipline by an effort of his own will.

Intelligence, will power and morality are very closely related. But moral sense is more important than intelligence. When it disappears from a nation the whole social structure commences to crumble away. Moral activities have not received the importance they deserve. Moral sense must be studied in as positive a manner as intelligence. Of course, such researches cannot be undertaken in a laboratory. Field work is indispensable. But without any doubt, moral activities are located within the domain of scientific observation.

When we encounter the rare individual whose conduct is inspired by a moral ideal, we cannot help noticing his aspect. Moral beauty is an exceptional and very striking phenomenon—one never forgets it. This form of beauty is far more impressive than the beauty of nature. It gives to those who possess its divine gifts a strange, an inexplicable power. It increases the strength of the intellect. It establishes peace among men. Much more than science, art, and religious rites, moral beauty is the basis of civilization.

Esthetic sense exists in the most primitive human beings as in the most civilized. Man takes pleasure in making objects after his own inspiration. In Europe, there are cooks, stonecutters, shoemakers and mechanics who are artists. Those who make pastry of beautiful shape and delicate taste, who forge majestic iron gates, who weave beautiful materials, experience, as much as great sculptors, or musicians, the divine pleasure of creation.

Esthetic activity remains potential in most individuals because they have been transformed into machines. The worker manufactures only single parts. He never makes the complete object.

FRENCH by birth, American by adoption Alexis Carrel wrote *Man, the Unknown*—published simultaneously in New York and Paris—in both French and English, writing parts in one language, parts in the other, then translating.

At the University of Lyons, where he studied medicine, Carrel trained himself for surgery by tying knots in catgut with one hand, in a matchbox—knots which two hands could not untie. Practice also enabled him to put 500 stitches in a cigarette paper. After graduation, he spent two years in French hospitals, and a year each on the staffs at McGill University, Montreal, and at the University of Chicago. In 1906 he entered the Rockefeller Institute in New York, where his unique fame in biological research has steadily grown.

During the war Dr. Carrel served as head of the hospital at Compiègne, working beside his wife, a physician, also. He evolved a revolutionary method of treating deep injuries, rendering them aseptic by using a specially designed apparatus for pumping Dakin's solution into all parts of the wound. This method, which promptly spread to every Allied war hospital, established a record of cures, and is said to be one of the most important wartime surgical achievements.

As far back as 1911 Dr. Carrel had perfected a surgical technique that made blood transfusion—which only great surgeons attempted 25 years ago—a simple operation for any village doctor. In 1931 he won the Nordhoff-Jung medal for cancer research. More

recently he collaborated with Colonel Lindbergh in perfecting an artificial heart and a synthetic blood stream which make it possible to keep vital organs alive and functioning outside the body.

Perhaps the most famous of his experiments is that in which for 23 years he has kept a section of chicken heart alive and growing by artificial feeding and elimination of waste. Thus, instead of limiting his research to the specific problems of disease, Dr. Carrel, with supreme audacity, has attacked the enigma at the very core of our existence—the secret of life itself.

His faith in human powers goes far beyond that of the ordinary scientist. He believes, for example, that miracles of healing are possible, and has spent weeks at Lourdes studying them. He has never quite recovered from his awe at seeing a large cancerous sore on a workman's hand shrivel to a scar before his eyes. Dr. Carrel confesses that he does not understand it. But he cannot doubt the evidence, and believes science should give serious thought to the problem.

Mrs. Carrel has her own absorbing work in France, but the two are together during the long summer vacations. Dr. Carrel lives in a two-room apartment not far from the Rockefeller Institute, where, amid New York's turbulence, he has, for 30 years, devoted himself to his work, his complete concentration broken only by the visits of scientists who come from all over the world to confer with him.

He is not allowed to use his intelligence. Industrialism forbids man the very mental activities which could bring him every day some joy. In sacrificing mind to matter, modern civilization has perpetrated a momentous error. An error all the more dangerous because nobody revolts against it, because it is accepted as easily as the unhealthy life of great cities and confinement in factories. However, those who experience even a rudimentary esthetic feeling in their work are far happier than those who produce merely in order to consume. Beauty is hidden everywhere. It springs up from hands which model earthenware, weave silk, chisel marble, or repair human flesh. It is present also in the calculations of Galileo, in the visions of Dante, in the experiments of Pasteur. It is an inexhaustible source of happiness for those who discover its abode.

In modern man, we seldom observe the manifestations of mystical activity or religious sense. To the majority the churches are only museums for dead religions. Religious activity consists of a vague aspiration toward a power transcending this world, a kind of unformulated prayer, a quest for absolute beauty. It is splendidly generous. It brings to man an inner strength, spiritual light, ineffable peace.

Adaptive Functions

ENVIRONMENT stamps human beings indelibly with its mark. Intense muscular activity also brings about permanent changes. Western cowpunchers acquire strength, resistance and liveness such as no athlete ever attains in the comfort of a modern university.

An individual's survival was formerly wholly due to his adaptive capacity. Modern civilization, with the help of hygiene, soft living, hospitals, physicians, and nurses, has kept alive many human beings of poor quality. These weaklings and their descendants contribute, in a large measure, to the enfeeblement of the race. We should perhaps renounce this artificial form of health and exclusively pursue natural health.

It seems that the work of the adap-

tive mechanisms stimulates all organic functions. Man attains his highest development when he is exposed to the rigors of the seasons, when his meals are sometimes abundant and sometimes scanty, when he conquers food and shelter by strenuous effort. He has also to train his muscles, to tire himself and rest, to fight, to suffer, and be happy, to love and to hate. His will needs alternately to strain and to relax. He must strive against his fellow men or against himself. He is made for such an existence, just as the stomach is made for digesting food. When his adaptive processes work most intensely, he develops his virility to the fullest extent. We know how strong physically and morally are those who, since childhood, have been submitted to intelligent discipline, who have endured some privations and adapted themselves to adverse conditions. When an individual, insufficiently clothed, has to maintain his inner temperature by violent exercise, all his organic systems work with great intensity. On the contrary, these systems remain in a condition of repose if cold weather is fought by furs and warm clothing, by the heating apparatus of a closed car, or by the walls of a steam-heated room. The skin of modern man is never whipped by the wind. It never has to defend itself for hours against snow, rain or sun. In former times the mechanisms responsible for regulating the temperature of blood and humors were maintained in constant activity by the struggle against the rigors of the weather. Today they are in a state of perpetual rest.

Rougher conditions of existence and more responsibility would restore man's moral energy and audacity. More virile habits should be substituted for the uniformity and softness of life in schools. The adaptation of the individual to discipline determines definite changes in the nervous system, the endocrine glands, and the mind. The organism thus acquires a better integration, greater vigor, and more ability to overcome the difficulties of existence.

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